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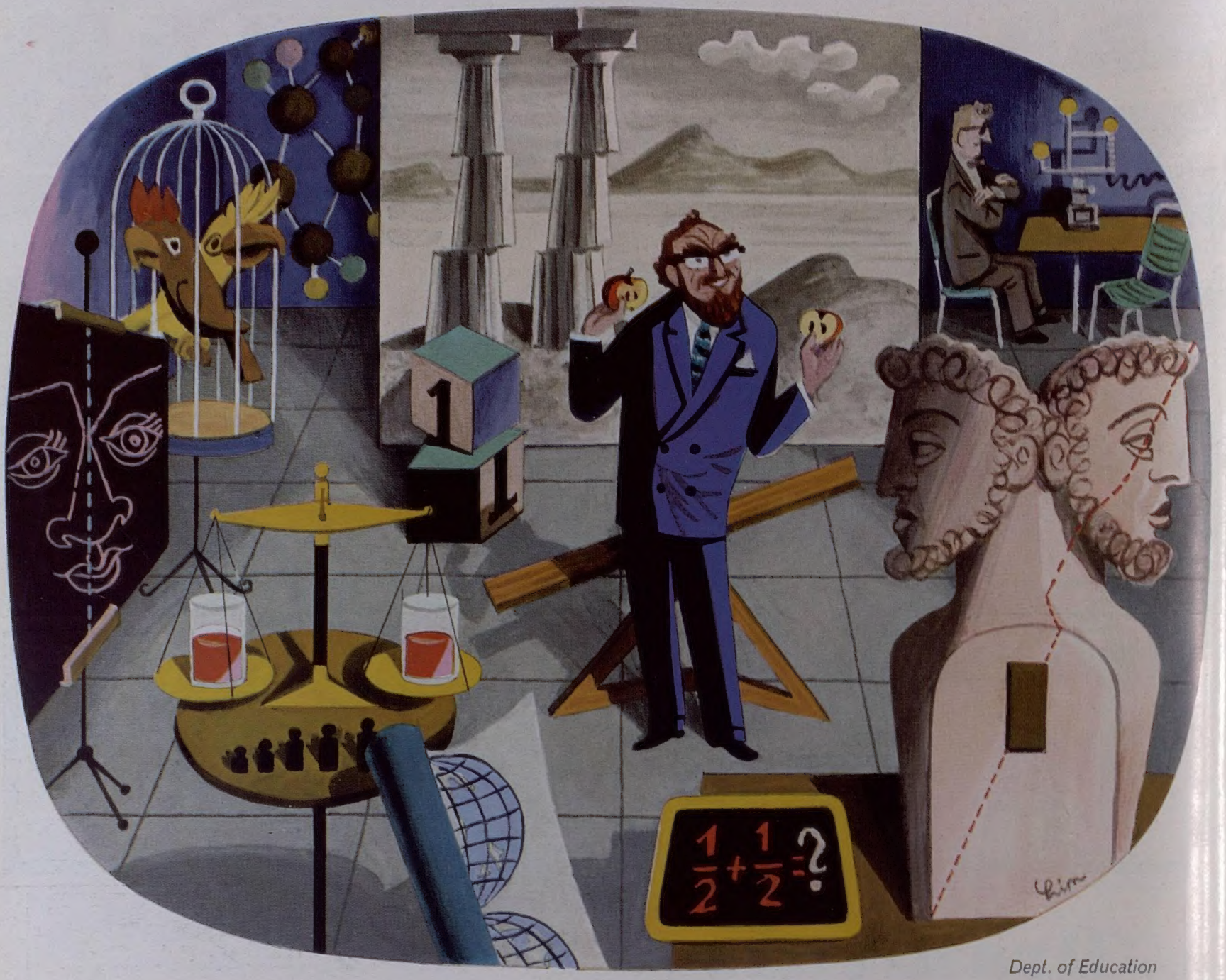

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Our humble function is to entertain, but equally our proud trust is to acknowledge the requirements of the growing mind. In *Prefect,* last Sunday, we interviewed a village postmistress who had refused to take up decorative glass making, as a hobby. You never know when some day it may not be your turn to take part in *Back to Back,* our interview programme in which differences are so frankly stated that the participants refuse to speak to each other. Every fortnight three Professors of Popular Archæology and one Reader in O.K. Taste are shown a photograph of Schwepton Tunnel, and asked if it is Schwepton Tunnel, and, if so, what its date is.

Here, in our Programme of Completely Pure Science, we see Dr. Zü in action. Not only is he a genuine Doctor, really foreign, who lectures at an actual college, but he is also a natural T.V. personality, which means that a clever producer makes it possible for us to distinguish him from the compère in Teen Magazeen, the programme which precedes him.

Here Zü is making clear to us the meaning of division by two. "We speak of an object being divided into two equal portions", he says. "We talk of cutting an apple with an ordinary pen-knife, so that neither of the recipients is dissatisfied with his 'half'. Yet we have only a very vague idea of what this word 'half' truly signifies. Now I think it will help if we get out of our head for the moment phrases like 'semi-detached', 'semi-colon', 'half a league', 'half seas over', etc. and all objects which though perfectly comprehensible in themselves are not usually associated with halving . . ."

It is by methods such as this that, for the mass viewer, the more abstract problems of science are made concrete and comprehensible.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

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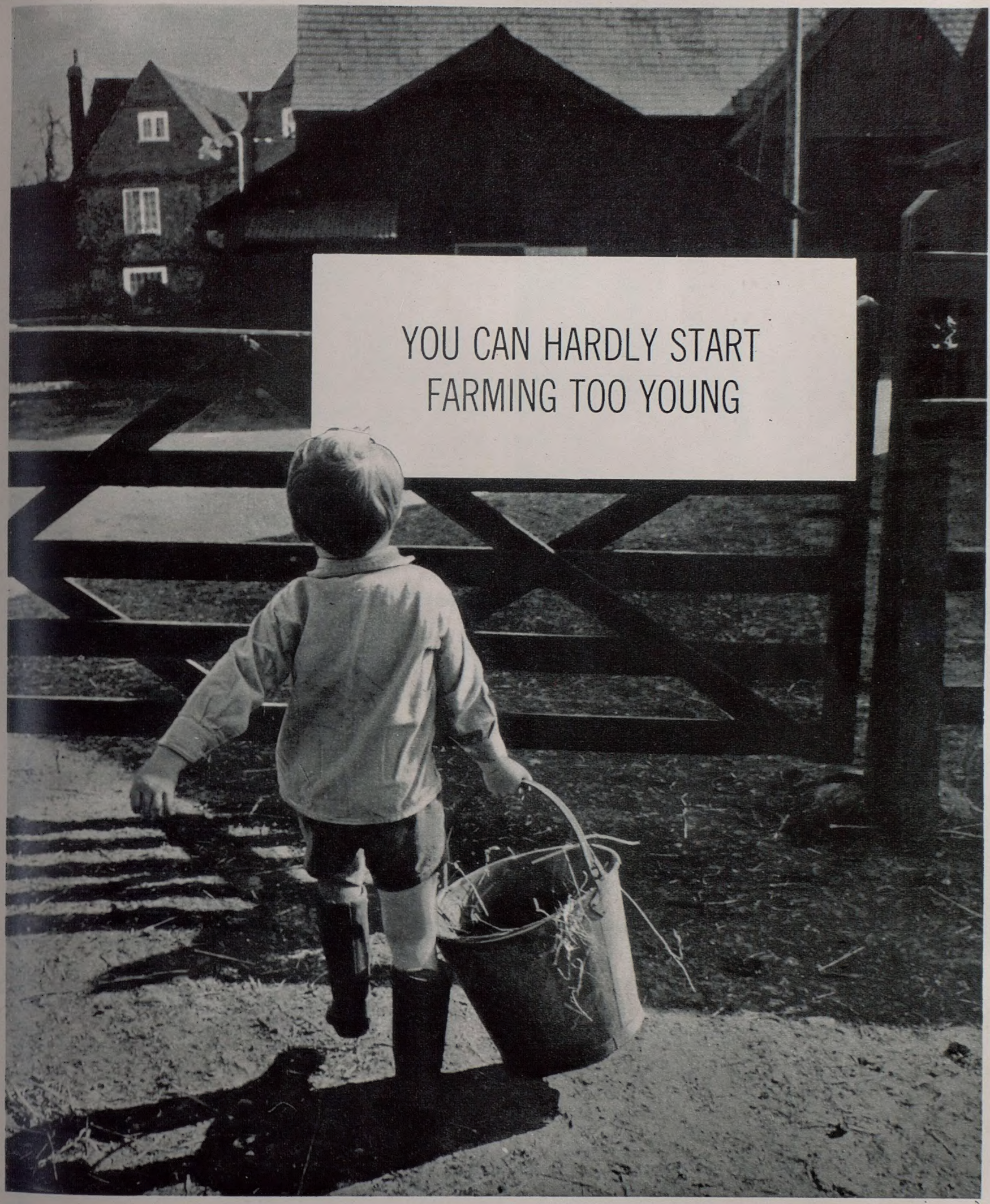

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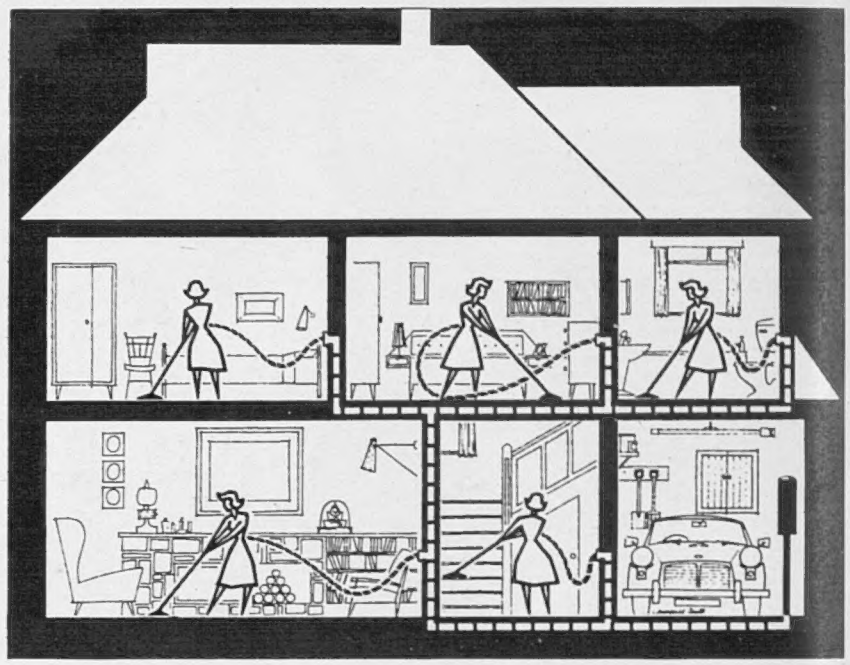

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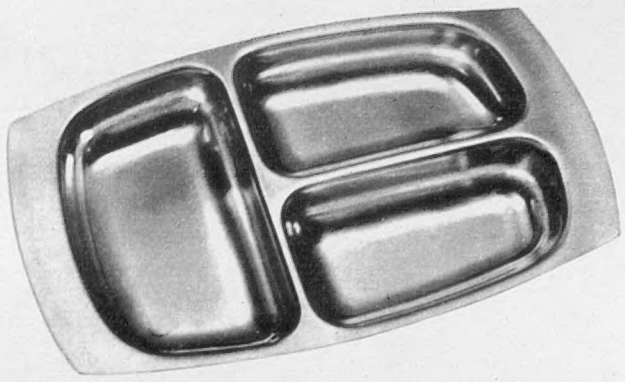

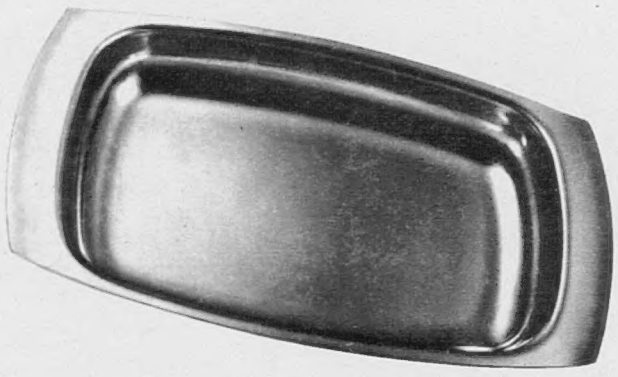

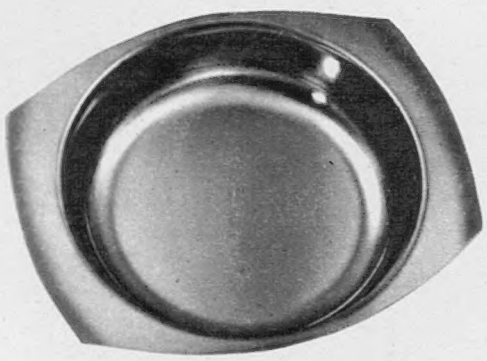

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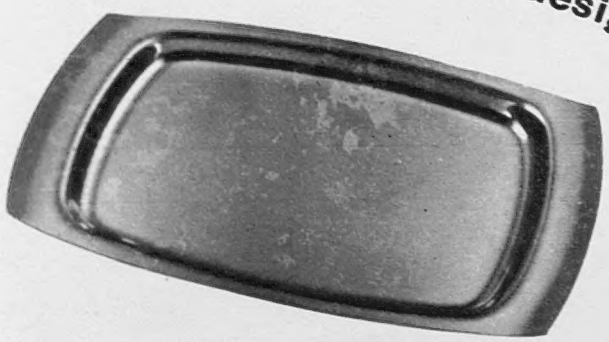

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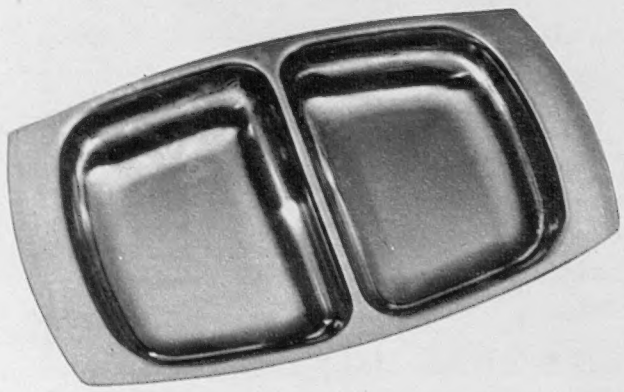

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THE SPHERE

LONDON, May 12, 1962

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A ROYAL SILVER WEDDING

Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands drive in an open carriage through the streets of Amsterdam on the Queen's birthday, the first day of the festivities for their silver wedding. Followed by the four princesses in a separate carriage, they drove in state to the new Rai building, where Dr. von Hall, the Burgomaster of Amsterdam, gave a short address and 15,000 people joined in community singing. Later the party went on board a royal barge on the River Amstel. The next day saw the arrival of the principal guests at the celebrations, including Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, the Shah of Persia and Queen Farah, King Olav of Norway and the Grand Duchess Charlotte of Luxembourg. They attended a gala dinner in the Amstel Hotel, and a ball at the Royal Palace. The following day coach parties of guests saw the Keukenhof bulb centre at Lisse and in the evening they embarked in the liner *Oranje* which passed through the canal linking Amsterdam and Ijmuiden. Dinner was served on board and was followed by a ball. (For further pictures see pages 216 to 217)

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NEWS SUMMARY

Mystery of Hammarskjold's death unsolved; British trade unions and the Common Market; political visitors to France; Italy's new President; pro-Communist successes in Laos

INTERNATIONAL

The United Nations Commission of Inquiry into the death of Mr. Hammarskjold issued its report in **New York** last week. Mr. Hammarskjold, U.N. Secretary-General, was killed when the plane in which he was flying from Congo crashed near Ndola, Northern Rhodesia, on September 18 last year. The five-nation commission (Argentina, Nepal, Sierra Leone, Sweden and Yugoslavia) declared it could not rule out any of the suggested causes of the accident—sabotage, attack by hostile aircraft, mechanical trouble or human error. But it had found no evidence to support any of these theories.

Also in New York last week, the United Nations sub-committee on Colonialism debated Northern Rhodesia. Among the majority of members there was a wide measure of agreement with Britain's policy there and its plans for the future. The sub-committee consists of seventeen nations representative of the East or West and the Neutrals.

Visiting the Disarmament Conference in **Geneva,** U Thant, U.N. Acting Secretary-General, told the Press he believed deadlock could be avoided in the proceedings. He said he thought it was encouraging that the negotiations had not broken down, in spite of the nuclear tests at present taking place.

At the meeting of the Nato Ministers in **Athens,** Britain and the United States assured the smaller members that the R.A.F. Bomber Command and the U.S. Strategic Air Force will cover any bases menacing any member. The United States offered to provide five Polaris submarines to be under the direct command of Nato. It was agreed there should be no change in the present system of political control of the use of nuclear weapons under which President Kennedy has the final decision regarding American weapons and Mr. Macmillan for those entirely British.

Earlier last week the Council of the Central Treaty Organisation agreed in **London** to appoint an overall commander for the Cento forces. It was believed that the post might be given to a British general.

At the Cento meeting in London are, from right, Mr. Rusk; Mr. F. C. Erkin (Turkey); Dr. Khalatbary (Secretary General of Cento); Lord Home; Mr. Abbas Aram (Persia); Lieut.-General K. M. Shaikh (Pakistan)

GREAT BRITAIN

The two issues enlivening the home political scene continue to be portents of a Liberal revival and the negotiations over Britain's entry into the Common Market. Next in the series of by-elections is **Montgomeryshire** next Tuesday, May 15. There is a four-cornered contest between Liberal, Conservative, Labour and Welsh Nationalist in the seat held by the late Mr. Clement Davies for the Liberals at the General Election with a 2,794 majority. Throughout this week, England and Wales have been going to the polls in the local government elections. Contested are 4,837 borough council seats and 2,484 urban seats. The Conservatives, who gained a large number of seats in 1959, are facing a strong challenge from Labour candidates and a record number of Liberals. In last week's municipal elections in Scotland there was a strong swing against the Conservatives, Labour gaining 44 seats.

Mr. Macmillan returned to **London** last week from his visit to the U.S. and Canada to face a lively barrage of questions in the House of Commons. The main topic in the discussions between Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Diefenbaker, Canada's Prime Minister, was Britain's entry into the Common Market. The official communiqué issued after the talks reiterated the need to safeguard Commonwealth interests in negotiating the terms of entry. Two trade unions debated the Common Market last week. At **Blackpool,** the conference of the Shop, Distributive and Allied Workers' Union and at **Bournemouth,** the National Union of Agricultural Workers both endorsed the official Labour Party position of postponing a decision until the precise terms of entry were known. Earlier the Clerical and Administrative Workers' Union had come out in favour of the Common Market and the Draughtsmen's and Allied Technicians' Association had voted against it.

FRANCE

It was announced that Mr. Macmillan and Lady Dorothy Macmillan are to be the guests of President and Madame de Gaulle at the Château de Champs near **Paris** on June 2 and 3. Dr. Adenauer's first official visit to France was also announced recently. This will take place from July 1 to 6 at the invitation of President de Gaulle and the French Government.

ITALY

After acrimonious and long-drawn-out scenes at joint sessions of the two Houses of Parliament in **Rome**, Signor Segni, the Foreign Minister in the Fanfani Government, was elected last weekend as the next President of the Italian Republic. He was elected on the ninth of a series of secret ballots. Signor Segni was the official candidate of the right-wing Christian Democrat Party. His main opponent was Signor Saragat, leader of the left-of-centre Social Democrats. Political observers in Rome commented that Signor Segni would have easily won the election earlier if there had not been a split in the Christian Democrats, some of whom refused throughout to support him.

LAOS

Pro-Communist forces in the north-west of the riven state took the offensive last week. They gained two major successes near the border with Communist China, capturing the major strongpoint of **Muong Sin** and then launching a fierce attack on **Nam Tha,** capital of the north-western Province. U.S. military sources in Vientiane stated that all twelve U.S. military advisers in the area were evacuated by helicopter and that the pro-Communist forces, advancing under a well-planned artillery barrage, included two battalions of Vietminh and several Pathet Lao units. The attack on Nam Tha coincided with the private visit of Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, British co-chairman of the Geneva Conference on Laos, to **Luang Prabang** for discussions with the King of Laos.

SYRIA

It was officially admitted in **Damascus** that Colonel Serraj, who played an important role in bringing about the union of Syria and Egypt as the U.A.R., escaped from a prison hospital with the collusion of a guard, who also fled. Colonel Serraj was President Nasser's right-hand man in Syria until shortly before the union broke up last September. After the army coup of September 28 he was arrested, but was never brought to trial, in spite of statements that he would be.

GHANA

In **Accra** last weekend President Nkrumah ordered the release of 160 detainees imprisoned under the country's Preventive Detention Act. Among those set free were the leaders of last September's strikes against the Government's austerity budget. None of the detained members of the Opposition United Party were released. The President also announced in a broadcast a general amnesty to all Ghanaians who had fled the country and were living in exile for fear of detention. As a third " gesture of reconciliation," the review of the Preventive Detention Act to consider extending the term of detention from five to twenty-five years, was abandoned. President Nkrumah's measures were welcomed in London by the Commonwealth Relations Secretary, Mr. Sandys.

YUGOSLAVIA

President Tito, in a speech to mark the completion of a power station at **Split,** referred to various austerity measures that the Government was introducing to curb spending, because of wage and price inflation. He attacked the unequal distribution of profits between factory managers and workers, and announced harsher measures to deal with corruption and embezzlement.

It was reported that the trial of Mr. Milovan Djilas, arrested last month, would begin on May 14. No official information was obtainable about the charges against him.

SPURS' SECOND GOAL IN A CLASSIC F.A. CUP FINAL AT WEMBLEY STADIUM IN LONDON

THE FIRST OFFICIAL MAN-POWERED FLIGHT OF OVER HALF A MILE

WRECKAGE OF A DAKOTA IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT

A TRIPLE TRAIN CRASH IN THE SUBURBS OF TOKYO

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A decisive moment in the Cup Final at Wembley comes when Bobby Smith, the Spurs' centre forward, beats Blacklaw, the Burnley goalkeeper, to score Spurs' second goal. Other players in the photograph are Elder and Miller of Burnley. Watched by the Queen and 100,000 spectators, Tottenham Hotspur beat Burnley by 3 goals to 1 to retain the F.A. Cup they won last year. The match was acclaimed as one of the best finals since the war. After three minutes Greaves scored for the Spurs, Burnley equalised early in the second half, but Spurs went ahead again within a minute, with a goal by Smith. The match was clinched by a penalty against Burnley taken by Blanchflower

At Hatfield Aerodrome, the Hatfield Man-Powered Aircraft Club's Puffin is on its flight of 993 yards over level ground and at a maximum height of about 8 ft. It was pedalled by Mr. J. C. Wimpenny. The Royal Aeronautical Society last weekend announced that Mr. Wimpenny would receive a prize of £50 offered for the first man-powered flight over half a mile

Below, far left: The wreckage of a Dakota airliner lies on the hillside of St. Boniface Down, near Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight. Ten people were killed and seven injured in the crash, which occurred in thick fog. The plane was bringing holiday-makers back from the Channel Islands. An inquiry into the crash began on the next day

Below: An aerial view of the wreckage after a triple train crash at Mikawashima, a district of Northern Tokyo, in which at least 146 people were killed and 106 were injured. The accident occurred when a derailed goods train was hit by two passenger trains in succession

DUTCH SILVER WEDDING

Dr. von Hall, Burgomaster of Amsterdam, welcomes Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands to the new Rai building, during the celebrations in Amsterdam of their silver wedding. **Right:** Their children, Princesses Beatrix, Margriet, Irene and Maria, set out for the drive through the city in an open carriage

From left are, front row, the Duke of Edinburgh; Grand Duchess Charlotte of Luxembourg; Queen Elizabeth; the Shah of Persia; Queen Juliana; Prince Bernhard; Princess Armgard, Prince Bernhard's mother; Prince Jean of Luxembourg; Queen Farah of Persia; Prince Felix of Luxembourg; and Princess Marina. In the second row, from second left, are Princess Josephine of Luxembourg; Princess Margriet; Prince Bertil of Sweden; Princesses Beatrix and Maria; King Olav of Norway; and Prince Aschwin of Lippe

On the special coach tour to the tulip gardens at the Keukenhof centre at Lisse are King Olav, Queen Elizabeth and Queen Juliana. Three luxury coaches were adapted for the occasion and for several of the royal guests it was the first time in their lives that they had ridden in a bus

The Shah of Persia escorts Queen Elizabeth to the State Banquet

Right: King Baudouin and Queen Fabiola of the Belgians

The Royal Family of the Netherlands are rowed in the Royal Barge through Amsterdam

MAY DAY PARADES

The surprise in the Moscow parade this year was to be found not in those demonstrating but among the spectators. The Dowager Queen Elisabeth of Belgium, King Baudouin's grandmother, was present to watch the march-past. She was in the Russian capital for the International Tschaikovsky Music Competition. It is thought to be the first time that royalty has attended a Red Square parade. Among the weapons seen last week there was nothing new. May Day was celebrated in the usual manner by Russia's satellites. In Prague a C.N.D. banner was among those carried. Much propaganda was put out in Pekin about the solidarity between the Chinese and Russian peoples. However, it did not allay the increasing bitterness between the regimes of those two countries. In Berlin General Clay, President Kennedy's departing Special Representative, addressed a rally in the West sector. The Communists held a parade of their People's Army troops in the East sector. The Western commandants protested against this violation of the Berlin agreements.

Dowager Queen Elisabeth of Belgium (second from right) in Moscow

Russians and Chinese applaud each other during the Pekin celebrations

In West Berlin Herr Brandt (right) and General Clay wave to the crowd and **right** a vast throng is assembled in the rally near the sector border

Missiles mounted on tracked vehicles thunder across Red Square during Moscow's May Day Parade

In Belgrade President Tito reviews the strength of his Communism

Inhabitants of Warsaw march through the streets

The main thoroughfare in Prague is thronged with people and banners

In Havana Fidel Castro links arms with his brother (also in uniform) and Cuba's President Dorticos

AFTERMATH OF VIOLENCE

The photograph from South Vietnam typifies the way in which the innocent suffer in the civil war there. The wounded villager was caught on the River Mekong in its delta area when a battle started between Government troops on one bank and Viet Cong Communists on the other. Towards the end of last month a large number of helicopters carried a South Vietnamese force to this district to operate against the Communist guerrillas.

The wreckage of the car in the foreground of the scene from Algiers was all that remained of a booby trap set early last week in the dock area by the Secret Army (O.A.S.) during Algeria's worst day of terror since the signing of the cease-fire agreement on March 19. A bomb had been placed in the car and was blown up by a time fuse outside an office where 1,500 Muslims were queueing. Sixty-two of them were killed. After the explosion F.L.N. (Algerian Nationalist) agents tried to calm the dockers but they seized a passing Frenchman and cut his throat. Elsewhere in the city there was street fighting between French troops and O.A.S. and there were violence and outrages in other towns. The total killed throughout Algeria on this worst day of terrorism was 110.

Right: A victim of a battle on the River Mekong in South Vietnam is brought ashore for treatment of wounds he had not invited. **Below:** Street scene in Algiers after the country's worst day of terror

JOHN CONNELL

THE ELECTIONS IN PAKISTAN

The military regime in Pakistan has been considered, by foreigners and by the vast mass of Pakistanis, a benevolent and enlightened, as well as efficient, autocracy. Field-Marshal Ayub Khan and his colleagues have run the country in its own best interests, as they themselves are convinced. The atmosphere has been that of a good regiment, under a good C.O., in a good peacetime cantonment. To a diminishing and ageing number of survivors of the British who served a united India, the outlook and practice of the present rulers of Pakistan have been especially sympathetic, for a number of quite estimable reasons.

This was a Pakistan which they could understand, a country based on the village squirearchy and yeomanry, on an Army detached from politics, an efficient civil service and an incorruptible judiciary; a country that was rediscovering the concepts of a cleaner, less complex age, adapting itself to, but not swamped by, the hideous and sinister and costly politics and economics of the latter half of the twentieth century. It was recapturing and harnessing in its own service the virtues of those whom, in his great valedictory work on the Indian Civil Service, Philip Mason called " The Guardians." Good, decent and honourable men, pensioned here in England, have said to themselves in the past four years: perhaps we did not build so badly after all; perhaps we did leave behind us an inheritance of some value.

It was oddly symbolical of an old, friendly relationship recaptured, and transmuted (it seemed) into a new understanding, that the capital should be moved away from Karachi, that big, sprawling, unlovable port, to Rawalpindi. So in a partitioned Britain, the Southerners might for a decade or so have tried to make Southampton the capital; and then, in the chaos and corruption of a system in the hands of a gaggle of get-rich-quick-flash-boys, a small and resolute group of soldiers might have taken over, and moved the capital to Aldershot.

This has been a regime based on a soldierly realism and soldierly virtues. The realism has made it look to its frontiers. Where better is there than Rawalpindi, within sight of the great hills, the command centre that can control the railway system and the roads, a place chosen and developed by a generation of British who had a sober sense of tactical and strategic facts, if the frontiers are to be guarded? Prudence kept company with sentiment.

The nostalgia of returning to Rawalpindi for anyone who served in pre-1947 India, has latterly been poignant. The keen wind comes down from the mountains, the sun is on the snows, the bugles shrill, and a flag is raised. This is the land into which Alexander's weary indomitable army marched, a land that has bred and trained some of the finest soldiers whom history has recorded, that is steeped in soldierly tradition.

But the soldiers are a small minority in modern Pakistan as they were in the old Raj. They look as if they may be the victims of their own—and their preceptors'—benevolence and freedom from ruthlessness. Is it possible that they have imbibed too much of their British tradition? Ayub Khan is not a Nasser nor a Soekarno. His most impressionable years were spent not in rebellion against colonialism, but in a shared service, to which—until the British departed—he gave his honourable and unfaltering loyalty. The end of the Raj was not the end of the world for him, or for others like him; but they were compelled to think hard about first principles. They had been trained, not in slogans, but in that interesting, subtle system which has produced in our time the phenomenon known as " the educated soldier."

In the last days of the Raj, and its immediate aftermath, the moral and intellectual gulf that had yawned between the soldiers and the I.C.S. officials on the one hand, and the professional politicians on the other, was temporarily bridged by the discovery of an essential Indian and Pakistani patriotism. In contemporary India, despite the salutary influence of Mr. Nehru's overpowering personality, the stresses and strains between some of his colleagues and some of the soldiers have been severe. After the death of the Qaid-i-Izam, there was no such personality on the political side in Pakistan. The soldiers' tolerance and patriotism were overstrained. But, as their conduct has made obvious again and again in recent years, they are not power-loving authoritarians. They are not—as Nasser and Kassem were—politicians dressed up as soldiers. They wish to serve, not to rule; and this to a twentieth-century demagogic politician is a staggeringly alien concept. Those who profess it must be (in the demagogues' view) either naive fools or ruthless cynics; if foolish they can be outwitted, if cynical they are dangerous and must be fought.

The Pakistani soldiers have persevered with their concept, fundamentally wise and practicable, of " basic democracy." If there were not a catch in it, this presented to the professional politicians who were not actually under restraint (and those have been few indeed) an opportunity not to be missed.

There is a grim, profoundly ironic lesson to be extracted from the results of the voting in the election for a Pakistan National Assembly, which was held at the end of April. The voting system had been devised with considerable skill and care, and in fulfilment of certain principles which had been thought out with diligence. President Ayub Khan was among the first to see that " Westminster Model " democracy, exported in haste in a packaged deal, and tied up with large-scale development loans and " defence of the free world," is a messy bit of nonsense. He and his advisers therefore evolved a two-tier system. Some 70,000 members of local councils, at village level, elected some time previously and functioning well on their own plane, formed an electoral college, as it were, to vote 141 members into the Assembly.

Candidates were forbidden to stand on a party basis, or on political issues. Certain of the more obviously discredited political leaders of earlier times were not allowed to put their names forward at all. Everyone had to stand on " personal merit." Election meetings and publicity campaigns were declared illegal. But meetings were held, under the chairmanship of judicial officers, at which several candidates for each constituency could meet the electors, make speeches and answer questions. Chairmen were authorised to disallow particularly embarrassing questions. Newspapers had to give equal treatment to each candidate's views.

With a politically immature and puzzled, yet potentially intelligent, shrewd and practically-minded electorate in the countryside, no procedure could have been more sensibly devised. Here was the tribal jirga brought up to date; and anyone who has ever had the luck to attend a jirga knows how genuine, if un-Parliamentary, a type of democracy they displayed, and how real a weight attached to " personal merit "—not least the virtues of courage and truthfulness. The unlettered hillman was—and is—far from being a fool; he is still well capable of recognising personal merit when he sees it.

Question time in a pre-election rally in a village near Karachi

But only a minority of Pakistanis nowadays are mountain tribesmen. The towns and cities are expanding; and the width of the sub-continent away is East Pakistan, densely populated, with an outlook and traditions which, though Islamic, differ profoundly from these of the people of the Western Punjab and the Frontier. This part of the electorate has made rings round basic democracy.

Most of us have acquired a grim familiarity with the belief that self-government is always preferable to good government in any circumstances in which the two are juxtaposed. But I must confess to a certain surprise to discover Lord Wavell, in his life of Allenby, quoting Lord Milner as having said: " Government is such an imperfect business at the best that it is more important that people should have the system which they like than a better system which they like less."

So, in face of the cautiously calculated checks and balances which the soldiers, the lawyers and the officials could devise, and with some 85 per cent. of the Basic Democrats exercising their votes, Pakistan has shown, by something in the region of a majority of two to one, that it prefers the old, corrupt and inefficient system to the paternal, well-ordered efficiency of the present regime. The Basic Democrats have chosen to represent them—even in an Assembly which will sit far away from Rawalpindi, which can be prorogued by the President for six months whenever he wishes, and which cannot vote on Budgetary or any other major policy—a clear majority of men with connections with the former Muslim League. In India, next door, Mr. Nehru is haunted by Congress; but he is, and always has been, a politician. It is ironic that President Ayub Khan—the non-political soldier—should be similarly dogged by the ghosts of a very political past, in which he had no share.

Leaving the Albert Hall after opening the World Congress of Man-made Fibres, the Queen Mother is cheered by Italy's Lilion Choir, who were to entertain delegates

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

The steerable dish aerial of the United Kingdom satellite communication ground station at Goonhilly Downs, in Cornwall. Next month it will begin transmitting and receiving signals from America *via* communications satellites

HARD TO UNDERSTAND. There are many burning questions of the hour which I try to understand, but which prove " too hard for me." For instance, it was strenuously denied in Washington that Mr. Macmillan put any pressure on Mr. Kennedy to defer resuming atom tests until the last hopes of a Geneva formula for agreement had vanished. I could find it in my heart to forgive him if he had done so. Educationists and others have argued that expenditure on space-travel could be better diverted for a time to domestic needs, nurses' and teachers' salaries, for instance; hospital and school building, even roads. Crudely put by someone, it is more important just now to provide adequate lavatories for primary schools than to reach the moon. It puzzles me that this argument does not impress high authorities. Of course, governments are trustees for our future as well as for our present. But, anyway, our present is a hard and urgent and disagreeable fact, and our future a vague speculation even among scientists. There is something to be said for doing first things first.

OFF THE CROW'S FLIGHT. The heads of the churches in their Easter appeals for peace stressed, somewhat tritely, the essential prerequisite as " the reduction of mutual suspicion between East and West." It is a tough problem, but Christmas Island is far off the crow's flight to the goal at Geneva, and the advantages of taking that longer route are as problematic as those of moon-rocket experiments. But perhaps our leaders are as bewildered as some of their flocks. Mr. Kennedy's agonising decision must obviously have provided Mr. Khrushchev with one more useful weapon for his propaganda. Was he not stone-walling at Geneva to force Mr. Kennedy to hand him that very weapon? But so many matters are too hard to understand today. How the devil does anybody know . . . anything? Even the Pentagon experts.

" ONCE MORE INTO THE BREACH." The Joint Committee on Limited Lords' Reform is now at work. By and large, the Upper House now accepts two or three truths, largely outside the Committee's terms of reference. (1) The Commons must henceforth always remain the dominant partner. The Lords will never get back their lost powers. (2) The hereditary system today is an anomaly,

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TE OF SPRING: Expressive gestures from members of the Royal Ballet in the first performance by a British company of Stravinsky's celebrated work, first performed in Paris in 1913

RAYMONDA: Svetlana Beriosova and Donald Macleary in a pas de deux in the new Frederick Ashton Ballet

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

CEYLON

The Government encourages tourists

Ceylon, one of the pioneers of Asian tourism, is making fresh efforts to develop her tourist industry and increase foreign exchange earnings from this source.

Since the Prime Minister, Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike, herself took over the responsibility for tourism some months ago, several developments designed to strengthen the tourist industry have resulted. A new Tourist Development Council has been created and addressing its inaugural meeting a few weeks ago the Prime Minister said that she aimed to make tourism one of Ceylon's biggest income earning assets.

Already much headway has been made in facilitating the entry of visitors, with simplified visa and health procedures. Tourists from a number of countries may now enter Ceylon without visas. The Prime Minister has also addressed a personal call to Customs and immigration officials at entry points for greater courtesy and expedition in attending to tourists.

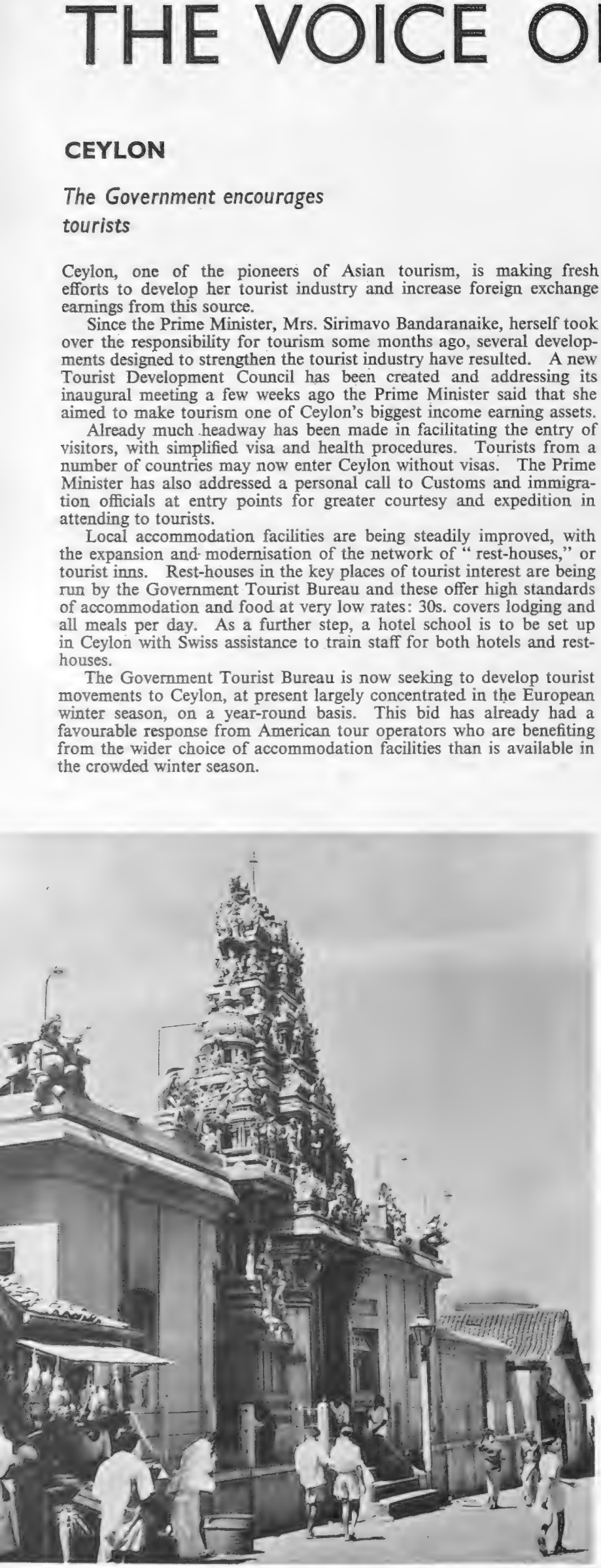
Local accommodation facilities are being steadily improved, with the expansion and modernisation of the network of " rest-houses," or tourist inns. Rest-houses in the key places of tourist interest are being run by the Government Tourist Bureau and these offer high standards of accommodation and food at very low rates: 30s. covers lodging and all meals per day. As a further step, a hotel school is to be set up in Ceylon with Swiss assistance to train staff for both hotels and rest-houses.

The Government Tourist Bureau is now seeking to develop tourist movements to Ceylon, at present largely concentrated in the European winter season, on a year-round basis. This bid has already had a favourable response from American tour operators who are benefiting from the wider choice of accommodation facilities than is available in the crowded winter season.

Ceylon offers within a small geographical compass (it is half the size of England) a wide variety of delights to the traveller: long miles of sandy beaches, sun throughout the year, vivid contrasts of scenery and vegetation, a wide choice of foods, ancient cities rich in history and magnificent monuments, hill resorts which enjoy a perpetual spring, a wealth of wild life, good roads and plenty of sports.

Ceylon's attractions in these respects have made it a popular location for Western film-makers. Many films with a tropical background have been filmed in the island: among them *Bridge on the River Kwai*, *Elephant Walk* and *Outcast of the Islands*.

Recent visitors to Ceylon have included the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, and film-actress Jean Simmons and director-husband Richard Brooks, whose forthcoming film, *Big Jim*, may also be shot in Ceylon. (Gordon Cooper wrote about tourist attractions in Ceylon in *The Sphere's* regular travel feature in the issue of April 28.)



A Hindu temple in the Pettah, a picturesque bazaar in Colombo

The Duke of Edinburgh talks to young Australian farmers visiting the Royal Farms at Windsor. The farmers are touring Britain under the P. & O. Canberra Award

NIGERIA

A National Development Plan for 1962-68

In the speech from the throne at the opening of the Budget session of the Nigerian Federal Assembly in Lagos last month, Dr. Azikiwe, the Governor-General, announced the launching of Nigeria's First National Development Plan for the years 1962-1968.

This National Plan, which envisages a total capital expenditure of £676,000,000 over the six-year period, is stated in the recently published Development Programme of the Federal Government as being geared for growth—" an essential pre-requisite in Nigeria's evolution towards a self-sustaining economy." The Federal Government stress that the programme of any one Government cannot be judged in isolation. The Development Programme of each of the four governments (the Federal and the three Regional Governments) forms but one part of a composite whole. The Federal Government has extensive and special responsibilities of its own, such as the expansion of electricity supply in which the large Niger Dams project plays an important part, but it also recognises that it has to provide a bold lead to Regional Governments in the achievements of the objectives of the plan. For example, it has agreed to provide a sum of up to £25,000,000 towards expansion in the field of primary production.

The National Development Plan originated at the Tenth Meeting of the National Economic Council in 1959. The objective was then stated as " the achievement and maintenance of the highest possible rate of increase in the standard of living and the creation of the necessary conditions to this end, including public support and awareness of both the potential that exists and the sacrifices that will be required." The Plan aims to maintain and, if possible, surpass the average rate of 4 per

WEALTH

The Sydney-Melbourne Express is seen on a trial run, 70 miles south of Sydney. With a sister train it journeys between Sydney and Melbourne on a new standard gauge line. Until recently passengers had to change at the New South Wales frontier to the broad gauge of Victoria railways. The expresses cover the 596 miles in thirteen hours, each carrying 198 sleeping berth passengers

Mrs. Nayandara Seghal and Mrs. Indira Gandhi arrive in London for a short visit. Mrs. Seghal is the daughter of Mrs. Pandit, who is Mr. Nehru's sister and a former Indian High Commissioner in London. Mrs. Gandhi is Mr. Nehru's daughter. **Right:** Mr. Nehru with a visitor to India, Mr. Lee Kuan Yew, Prime Minister of Singapore

Mr. J. L. Macduff takes the oath of office as Chief Justice of Fiji. On his left are the Governor of Fiji, Sir Kenneth Maddocks, and the Colonial Secretary, Fiji, Mr. P. L. Macdonald. Mr. Macduff, born in New Zealand, is a former Chief Magistrate in Fiji

cent. per year in the growth of Gross Domestic Product, as the only means possible to raise the average level of living.

Of the £676,000,000, 14 per cent. has been allocated to primary production and 13 per cent. to trade and industry. These sectors, with technical education, have been given top priority in the plan, as the Governments recognise that as large a volume of resources as possible must go to the directly productive sectors of the economy. More than 70 per cent. of the total capital expenditure is to be devoted to sectors which contribute directly to economic growth. Compared with the economic programme of 1955-61 the new Plan shows a substantial shift in the composition of capital expenditure from administration to development.

The House of Representatives has passed a Bill empowering the Federal Finance Minister to raise foreign loans amounting to one half of the total cost of the capital programmes; the rest will come from internal reserve resources and from various austerity measures included in last month's budget.

The Items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

BOOK REVIEWS

Explorers, game wardens and other personalities

Heinrich Barth is not one of the better known of the nineteenth-century explorers of Africa. In spite of his considerable bravery and dedication to science, this precise, rather humourless German does not have the mystique of a Stanley or a Livingstone. Perhaps it is because of what A. H. M. Kirk-Greene, who has edited BARTH'S TRAVELS IN NIGERIA (Oxford University Press. 38s.), calls his "querulous misunderstandings with the British Government and the Royal Geographical Society." But this attractively presented and easily-digested volume, which Mr. Kirk-Greene has compiled from the massive five volumes of *Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa*, shows the importance of his contribution to the Victorians' understanding of Africa. *Travels* in its original form consisted of Barth's notebooks carefully compiled over the years 1850-1855. His journeys ranged from Kano, "the celebrated emporium of central Negroland" to outposts such as Timbuctu in the west and Adamawa in the east; he was the first European to set eyes on the Upper Benue and to estimate accurately its probable course, and his pioneering geographical work was invaluable to those who followed him. This is an important book for any library dealing with African studies.

Books about animals, especially lions, can always be sure of popularity, especially in the post-Elsa-the-lioness era. RETURN TO THE WILD (Collins. 21s.), by Norman Carr, is one for this department, and fairly high priority, too. It is the tale of Big Boy and Little Boy, two male lion cubs adopted by the author, when he was working for the Game Department of Northern Rhodesia. The characters of the beasts are nicely differentiated (Big Boy is the robust leader, Little Boy is nervous and moody), and the story of how they grow up and learn to fend for themselves makes absorbing reading.

People are interesting reading, too. Some other new books deal with widely differing personalities from many parts of the Commonwealth. In Tanganyika we have Darrell Bates, who, in THE MANGO AND THE PALM (Hart-Davis. 25s.), gives us an attractive, atmospheric selection of short stories based on the daily life of a District Commissioner in the declining days of the old Africa. KEEP IN TOUCH (MacGibbon and Kee. 18s.), by Graeme Edwards, moves from Australia to London. Mr. Edwards is a blind journalist, and sums up his well-mastered disability by saying, "Life with blindness can be disheartening and embarrassing; it can also be rich and exciting." Particularly good are his descriptions of sounds in the Earls Court milieu of London. BOWLER-HATTED COWBOY (Blackwood. 25s.), by John Onslow, takes the reader adventuring and ranch-building in the Canadian Rockies.

The Lord Mayor of London, Sir Frederick Hoare, receives a gift of a tray and six tankards in Rhodesian copper from Mrs. Watson, Chairman of "Junior Miss" models. From left are Priscilla Salmon, Pat Lindeque, Velia Williams and Jane Kelsall. All from Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, they were in London to show Rhodesian fashions

" Rodney Burn, Esq., A.R.A.," a portrait by Ruskin Spear, R.A.

" Colette Clark," by Robin Ironside. An exhibit at Burlington House

ROYAL ACADEMY, 1962

The 194th Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts opened at Burlington House in London last week. In the catalogue 1,221 exhibits are listed. At the Academy banquet, the President, Sir Charles Wheeler, defended the decision to sell the da Vinci cartoon, " The Virgin with St. John the Baptist and St. Anne." He hoped it would remain in Britain but the slow response to the National Art-Collections Fund's appeal raised the question, " Does Britain deserve to retain the cartoon? " Among the other speakers, Lord Hailsham made a moving appeal for the proper use of the English language and Mr. John Betjeman, on the subject of London architecture, referred to " the rent-collecting slabs " rising round Hyde Park. Admiral Sir Caspar John, son of the late Augustus John, replied to the toast of the Armed Forces.

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" Ann," by L. S. Lowry, R.A.

" Racing in France " is the work of John R. Skeaping, R.A.

" Afternoon Tea, 1909 "—an oil

"Still Life with Venetian Glass," by Jan H. Eversen

Oil painting by the late Harold Knight, R.A.

"Family Group," by the late Augustus John, R.A.

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

AT THE NEWBURY RACES

I have been to Newbury races, the most accessible racecourse from my home. I am very interested in horse-racing, and spend most of breakfast reading about it, but I do not go to race-meetings very often because I have found that my presence on the course induces a form of paralysis in the horses I most fancy.

Moreover, attending race-meetings is an exceptionally energetic form of amusement and I am one of those who hold firmly to the conviction that exercise, except in the strictest moderation, has killed more people than it has ever benefited. You cannot sit down to watch a horse-race. Well, you may be able to do so if you are privileged to go into the Members' Stand. I do not know about that, because I am not a member of any racecourse. I did once think of becoming a member, but found, to my astonishment, that it is as difficult as becoming a member of an exclusive London social club: you have to be proposed and seconded, and both proposer and seconder are required to have personal knowledge of you. I do not move in the right circles.

So I paid £1, which admitted me to Tattersall's and the paddock. Here, there is a stand and this protects you from the worst of the elements and affords you a very good view of the racing. But every time you wish to place a bet you have to walk down long flights of stone steps and then some distance to the bookmakers or to the Tote. There is a Tote in the stand, but to bet with this requires more money than I am prepared to lose: I am no gambler. There are six races during the afternoon, so, if you bet on every race and look at the horses in the paddock, you do a good deal of walking: altogether, a very energetic day. But it was a beautiful day and Newbury is a beautiful course; and I had an afternoon to spare.

Now, I was born before the days of "never had it so good." I have old-fashioned ideas about money. On the face of it, as an entrance fee, £1 does not strike me as being cheap, especially when you can sit at home and watch the races on television with experts to tell you exactly what is happening. I have the wrong approach. And this was brought home to me by an old lady. She spent the afternoon sitting on one of the stone steps (on a cushion) at the very back of the stand, coming down to the balustrade to watch each race and then returning to her perch. I do not think that she had a single bet. She had her tea in a Thermos and she spent the time between races knitting.

One pound is not expensive for a day in the open air, with company and excitement all around you, and a thrilling sport to watch. Newbury is cheap, and that old lady knew it. In fact, by modern standards, Newbury is very cheap. The car parks are free, and I thought the catering pretty good and very reasonably priced. Going to the races is not expensive, but betting on them may be.

Very few people go to the races just because they are a cheap form of entertainment, and very few go just because they have a passion for horses. The vast majority go to bet. They go in the hope of making money. Watching them, between races, is as entertaining as watching the horses.

Just before each race a crowd rings the paddock. Most of them do so simply because it is the correct thing to do. The vast majority of the women are interested more in the owners and jockeys, and in the clothes of the women inside the paddock (though Newbury is not a dress-parade in the sense that Ascot is, it is still, I am assured, pretty smart) than in the horses: most of the men look carefully at the horses without, I think, having very much idea of what they are looking for. Here and there, a young man, whose accent will not quite match his old-school-tie, will air his knowledge of horses and form to his girl friend in just too loud a voice. It is fun showing-off. But here and there also are the regular racegoers, the professionals; silent and intent, hard of face and wary of eye, studying each horse as it passes by and then moving straight from the paddock to the bookmaker. But I wonder if they really do any better than the rest of us?

Paying their pounds to enter just in front of me were three teenagers, two boys and a girl. At their age, if I had a pound, I certainly never had a pound to spare. But these three were not short of money. They bet on every race with the 10s. Tote, the girl placing the bets just before the "off." And they did it all seriously. They had racecards, and the *Sporting Life*, and a little blue book (I suppose a form book?), and they discussed the merits of this horse and that in earnest Cockney accents before they made up their minds. They were quiet, gum-chewing, and well-behaved. And, when I left, they were lined up in front of the "late pay" window.

Maybe they really did know something about form, maybe they really did know something about horses.

Everybody in that stand (except the old lady) seemed to study form, to have it at their fingertips. Almost everyone had a paper of some sort open at the racing page, and quite a lot had little blue books or little black ones to which they referred constantly. But those three were beginners. I know this, not because they were so young but because they were so open about it and did not mind being overheard.

The old hands study their papers furtively, talk in hushed voices, even in whispers; shield their papers as they mark them in much the same manner as a small boy shields his crib from the prying eye of the master. Watching them, you get the impression that it is terribly important that nobody else should know, just at that moment, which horse they have selected, and that it is terribly important that the odds should not be affected in any way until they have placed their bets. After watching a man going through all this ritual, the shielded paper, the *sotto-voce* conversation with his companion, it is rather disappointing to find him just in front of you at the 4s. window of the Tote.

Crowds begin to gather before the start of a meeting at Newbury racecourse

Damon Runyon once said: "The race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong—but that is the way to bet." Of course, it is. But which is the swiftest, which the strongest? Mark Twain said: "It is a difference of opinion that makes horse races." And that is true. But it is not a difference of opinion about horses. Most of the people who go to race-meetings know nothing about horses. It is a difference of opinion about form. There are so many students of form, each convinced that he can read the form book correctly. It is this wide difference of opinion that puts the money into the pockets of the bookmakers.

And how did I do at the races? Well, I studied form at breakfast. Fortunately, my wife had a hunch about a place-name which belonged to a nicely-priced outsider. May she never study form!

Crown Passage in St. James's runs from King Street to Pall Mall. It dates from the latter part of the seventeenth century. Today it is full of little shops

ALLEYWAYS OF LONDON

Drawings by Geoffrey S. Fletcher

In spite of the tall buildings which are now shaping the appearance of London, there are still hidden among them a number of alleys and courts which it is a pleasant surprise to discover. All of them are old and each has its own character. Some have had several names. Crown Passage, for instance, has been known variously since 1680 as Golden Lion Court, Crown Court and Old Paved Alley. Nearby Pickering Place, behind No. 3, St. James's Street, was once Stroud's Court.

The name of Bleeding Heart Yard excites the curiosity. It may have been taken from a public-house, now disappeared, which was called the Bleeding Heart, deriving from one of the Seven Sorrows of the Blessed Virgin, that of her heart pierced by five swords. Dickens, chronicler of the byways as well as so much else of London, described the yard at length in *Little Dorrit*.

The claim to possess some of the oldest remains in London can be made by Strand Lane. Here is the Roman Bath. Close to it, straddling the Lane, is the

(*Continued on page 233*)

The curiously named Bleeding Heart Yard is in Holborn

Goodwin's Court connects St. Martin's Lane with Bedfordbury.

ALLEYWAYS OF LONDON

(*Continued from previous page*)

Denbigh Close, off Portobello Road, has workshops for restoring antique furniture

Left: Strand Lane with its parish "Watch House" and, right, the Roman bath

Shepherd Market in the centre of Mayfair is a picturesque little market place

Parts of Lancashire Court, off New Bond Street, may disappear under rebuilding plans

parish Watch House of St. Clement Danes. Its Regency balcony is especially charming. Elegant eighteenth-century proportions are also preserved in Goodwin's Court where bow windows are a feature of the buildings.

Shepherd Market in Mayfair, named after its builder Edward Shepherd, is one of the best-known parts of Mayfair. In times past here were the famous livery stables of Miltons, where Queen Victoria learnt to ride. Not all the alleys are in Central London. Islington has its share of them. Notable among them is Camden Passage, near the Angel. Its gas lamp is one of several peculiar to the area, but they are now disappearing. Denbigh Close, formerly known as Denbigh Mews, is situated in North Kensington. It has rather more architectural pretensions than usual in a London mews.

Pickering Place is at the south end of St. James's Street

Right: Camden Passage, Islington, with its gas lamp

One of the local ferry-boats at Marina Grande, on Capri

TRAVEL

ITALY'S CAMPANIA

By **GORDON COOPER**

Naples, gay, vibrant and teeming with life; Capri, at its doorstep, lying in the famous Bay of Naples; picturesque Ischia and its glorious beaches; Vesuvius, with its cloud-tipped peak; Pompeii and Herculaneum, cities of the long-distant past; the Sorrentine Peninsula, with its colourful little towns—these are the outstanding jewels in Italy's Campania, an intoxicating holiday experience where more than anywhere else you can find the unadulterated enjoyment of life.

Naples has its detractors, people who think that this great, teeming city which originated as a Greek colony centuries before Christ is sordid, a kind of human pen. I find there a life unsurpassed for vitality, with a complete absence of boredom—that tragic bugbear of our modern civilisation. Its human activity is dramatic and impressive.

Take a lodging in the Via Partenope, with its unsurpassable location facing Santa Lucia and the Bay of Naples, then go strolling through the streets of the city, watching the fantastic activity of its inhabitants. The essential sights are the Gothic Cathedral of San Gennaro, the city's patron saint, where devout Neapolitans crowd on the first Saturday in May and September 19 for the "Miracle of San Gennaro," which consists of liquefaction of the saint's blood contained in two phials. Then, there is the National Museum, with perhaps the most outstanding collection of sculptures in Europe, including many antiquities excavated at Pompeii and Herculaneum; undoubtedly the Pompeian bronzes take first place. Visit, too, the Royal Palace of Capidomonte, an excellent art gallery, and the Museum of San Martino (superb panoramic view), a former Carthusian monastery, which displays many remarkable *Presipios* (Nativity cribs), as well as a decorated chapel and a collection of souvenirs of the old Kingdom of Naples.

It is fascinating to sit at a café table in the Galleria Umberto Primo, with its endless tide of humanity flowing by, and to dine, romantically, at one or other of the restaurants which surround the tiny harbour of Santa Lucia, where one hears the haunting playing and singing of the *posteggiatori*.

From Naples, recommended excursions are, of course, to Pompeii and Herculaneum (most interesting). Pompeii, by the way, is floodlit on certain nights during the summer, and occasional classical performances are given in the theatre there. An ascent of Vesuvius is worthwhile—once. I prefer, however, Monte Faito (reached by road and funicular railway), where there is a first-class hotel and a superb prospect. A tour round the Gulf of Pozzuoli is interesting, for there are several important classical ruins to be seen. Then, the amazing Palace and gardens of Caserta (18 miles from Naples) well repay a visit. The great eighteenth-century palace (1,200 rooms, thirty-four staircases) is full of interest, while the vast gardens have as main features many curious fountains and a grand cascade with a drop of nearly 300 ft.

Capri, a pleasure spot through the centuries, is perhaps the most famous small island in the world. Yet it has a dual personality, and it is easy to escape from the milling crowd of tourists and find utter solitude, with wonderful bird's-eye views over the surrounding sea. I prefer Anacapri to Capri (town) in which to stay. It is more comfortable to travel to the island from Naples by one of the ordinary shipping services rather than the more costly "luxury" steamer. Capri is particularly delightful in early spring and late autumn, both periods when it is not so crowded.

While Capri is deficient in bathing beaches, there are wonderful stretches of sands on Ischia, which has been described as "an epitome of the whole earth, containing a wonderful variety of hills, vales, rugged rocks, fruitful plains, and barren mountains, all thrown together in a most romantic confusion." While Porto d'Ischia is the main resort, other delightful spots include Casamicciola, Lacco Ameno, Forio and S. Angelo.

On the sea route to Ischia steamers usually stop at Procida, still unspoiled and hardly changed from the Middle Ages. Only simple accommodation, however, is available. On the mainland, easily reached from Naples, is Sorrento built on sheer-walled cliffs (topped by its best hotels) overlooking the blue Bay of Naples. My own preference, however, would be for nearby Vico Equense, where the Le Axidie Hotel (private beach) provides an idyllic spot for a happy holiday.

The incomparable Amalfi Drive, twisting its way along the coast through rock tunnels, leads to Positano, a picturesque village much favoured by artists, but now rather too popular. Next comes Amalfi, once an important embarking port for the Crusaders and possessing a Norman-Byzantine Cathedral. The Hotel S. Caterina is a pleasant place at which to stay. A thousand feet above this town is Ravello, one of the most beautiful spots on earth. Here you will be content just to meander through quiet

The coastline, near Ravello, of the province of Campania

gardens, to the exquisite Cathedral, and above all to the belvedere of the Villa Cimbrone. From this spot you look down on the view of views: a complete panorama of the territories of the ancient republic, spread out like a map.

After Amalfi, following the coast, come some tiny fishing villages and, finally, Salerno, whose chief appeal lies in its Cathedral, a building dating back to 1084 and provided with some wonderfully adorned bronze doors. No one should miss a visit to Paestum (26 miles south of Salerno, 60 miles from Naples), with its romantic ruins set amidst a solemn wilderness. Here are some of the finest Greek temples in Europe. The roses of Paestum, of which Virgil sings, are once more being cultivated and bloom twice a year, while at all times there are carpets of wild flowers. Try to see the ruins at dawn or dusk, when they appeal most to the imagination. It is difficult to picture a higher effort of man's creative genius than these buildings, which seem to have been built for eternity. Finally, a brief mention of Benevento, nobly situated on a hill (38 miles from Naples), whose outstanding monument is the Arch of Trajan, one of the finest and best-preserved relics of its kind.

NOTE.—For further information about Campania apply to the Italian State Tourist Dept., 201, Regent Street, W.1, or to the Ente Provinciale per il Turismo, Naples—their brochures are excellent. While you can fly to Naples from London, I suggest that it is rewarding to travel there by road from Rome; there are two routes, both appealing.

The elaborate Byzantine façade of the Cathedral at Amalfi

NEW AIR CAR-FERRY SERVICE TO SWITZERLAND

To arrive in Switzerland with a car within two hours of leaving this country is a delightful experience which I enjoyed recently on the inaugural flight of the new Channel Air Bridge car ferry between Southend and Basle. Five cars were carried, including a vintage Rolls-Royce and the full complement of twenty-two passengers. Loading and unloading the cars was a little slow by means of the mobile lift, compared with the ramp method used for Bristol Freighters on the shorter Channel crossing, but the distance covered on the journey seemed to make the slight delay quite acceptable to waiting passengers and drivers.

The Carvair aircraft used is a remarkable conversion of the old and tried D.C.4. Passenger accommodation, although a little restricted in height, since the compartment is situated in the tail of the aircraft, was rather more comfortable than on the bus seats, as I call them, usually found on ordinary car ferries. The surge of power from the four engines took the aircraft off the runway easily and steadily until a height of 10,000 ft. had been reached somewhere, I should guess, in the middle of the English Channel, thus acclimatising passengers' ears to lack of pressurisation gently and comfortably. Coffee and sandwiches were served by a pleasant stewardess half-way across France and it was a very short time indeed afterwards that the wooded Vosges loomed up underneath the aircraft and the slow decline to Basle Airport began. The journey should never take more than two hours, thirty-five minutes.

It was after landing and driving down the narrow road which connects the airport with the city of Basle that our full appreciation of this new service came. There was at least two days hard driving behind us across France, an experience which begins to pall after a couple of journeys. To leave the centre of London at lunch time and be in Basle at 6.15 p.m. in your own car is a great advantage if you are driving on to Italy or Austria. You arrive fresh and ready to go on that night if necessary. The timings of this particular service could be improved. An earlier departure—there is one to Strasbourg at 9.20 a.m.—would be desirable. Possibly the Swiss want to delay you as long as possible in their rather lovely country.

The journey back from Geneva was just as easy, with seemingly less formalities than at Southend Airport. I parked the new Triumph-Herald I was driving right alongside the aircraft.

It will be interesting to compare this new service with the new car-sleeper service from Calais to Lyss in Switzerland, which I hope to try out next month. The reason for this unusual destination, fourteen miles north of Berne, is because the station in the capital is being reconstructed and won't be ready for another two years.

W. D. C. C.

BOOKS

MEMORIES OF KENYA

Life among the stewards on a passenger liner; new novels by Olivia Manning and Doris Lessing

There is always a poignancy about the record of a happy childhood or youth, no matter how simply stated. When the writer of such memories has the expressive power and the understanding of Mrs. Elspeth Huxley, the book is likely to be something of a literary event. In THE MOTTLED LIZARD (Chatto and Windus. 21s.) Mrs. Huxley follows an earlier volume of childhood recollections with the story of her return with her mother and father to Kenya after the First World War. As before, her evocations of place, of majestic and often mysterious country, of wild and of semi-domesticated animals and of the people who intensely mattered in her young life are marvellously exact and, in their different ways, convincing. The reader will long have the impression that he knows—and not at second-hand—much about the life that the writer led then and even more about its background of beauty, danger and indefinable magic.

Mr. Rupert Croft-Cooke was very young, too, in the 1920s and his latest book of autobiography, THE GLITTERING PASTURES (Putnam. 21s.), covers three of the post-war years when he was chafing under the necessity of earning his living at schoolmastering and finding some sort of solution to his problem by accepting a teaching job in South America, where he gained experience of many unacademic kinds. As always, Mr. Croft-Cooke writes with humour and detachment about his younger self, bringing considerable candour and a remarkably exact memory to the task.

Surely one of the strangest novels about life at sea to be written in our times is Mr. Stuart Lauder's WINGER'S LANDFALL (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 21s.); so strange, indeed, in the events it recounts that one hopes against hope that it is not as authentic a picture as, unfortunately, it seems to be. Mr. Lauder has written about life among the stewards, or "wingers," on a passenger liner, making the long run between Australia and England. It is an entirely new view of shipboard existence and much of the detail is new and genuinely interesting, giving one an eye-opening view of the relationship between wingers and bloods, as passengers are known to them. What is disconcerting is the revelation of the extent and the organisation, as one might call it, of homosexual life; its acceptance by even the normal, and the grotesque nature of its manifestation in off-duty make-up, the use of women's names and the wearing of women's clothes. There is a simple and dramatic story-line running through Mr. Lauder's novel but it is difficult to detach it from the dominating theme of perversity.

THE SPOILT CITY (Heinemann. 18s.) is the second volume of Miss Olivia Manning's projected trilogy on the Balkans, and particularly Rumania, as seen through English eyes during the war. In the earlier book the author gave a memorable impression of Bucharest, its resident English, its floating population of *émigrés* and professional survivors and the Carroll-like activities of an official body not unlike the British Council. Here the mood but not the scene has changed. The phoney war is over, England itself is in mortal danger, the sands are shifting under the feet of the little English colony in Bucharest—

Lionel Bart talks to a member of the cast of *Blitz* during rehearsal. *Blitz*, now at the Adelphi, is a musical dealing with ordinary people in the East End of London during the war. Lionel Bart wrote the book, lyrics and music

and Professor Lord Pinkrose is flown out from England with an original form of secret weapon: a lecture on English poetry. Miss Manning handles this extraordinary, wholly credible world with real mastery and her book is a delight in its lucidity and its wit.

POSSIT (Gollancz. 18s.), by William Thornton, is a very funny novel indeed, about a young mathematics master at a provincial grammar school, trying in his bumbling way to make sense of a situation in which mildly dotty headmasters, eccentric if not actually criminal colleagues, masterful fiancées and the gin-actuated wives of local magnates combine to spell chaos and near disaster. Quite naturally one pictures Mr. Ian Carmichael playing the role of the amiable non-hero and quite naturally, too, one enjoys the whole thing immensely. Do read it.

Mrs. Doris Lessing's new and ambitious work is a long novel, THE GOLDEN NOTEBOOK (Michael Joseph. 30s.), in which, as she explains, there is " an attempt to break a form; to break certain forms of consciousness and go beyond them. While writing it, I found I did not believe some of the things I thought I believed: or rather, that I hold in my mind at the same time beliefs and ideas that are apparently contradictory. Why not? We are, after all, living in the middle of a whirlwind." The novel, in which two intelligent, highly articulate women are the principal characters, is concerned primarily with ideas, with the frustrations or satisfactions of creative talents, with the influence of psycho-analysis and Communist doctrines and with the basic, natural problems of being a woman. It is often provocative of argument, sometimes interesting, sometimes prolix and always soberly thoughtful. It is, also, unnecessarily long.

SAY NOTHING (Macdonald. 16s.), Mr. James Hanley's latest novel, has all the force, the poetic inspiration and the hypnotic readability that one associates with this author's work. It is a study of a man's discovery of a north country city and, in

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NUBIAN DILEMMA

The past or the present?

Egypt was already grossly overcrowded when its population was only 10,000,000, because the people were too numerous for the water that flowed down the Nile Valley. By 1947 there were 19,000,000 Egyptians, and by 1970 there will probably be more than 30,000,000 in this long, narrow land. There is only one real solution to the problem; the 130 milliard cubic metres of water that run wasted to the sea at flood time must be saved to irrigate the land and to provide power for the industries of the increasing population. To save this water a high dam is to be created above Aswan, and vast stretches of ancient Nubia submerged in a man-made lake covering all the relics of man's long residence. Leslie Greener, a soldier turned archæologist, describes this development in his new book HIGH DAM OVER NUBIA (Cassell. 25s.). To him the thought that Nubia's way of life will be snuffed out for ever is a bitter tragedy; but he recognises that a choice must be made between the heritage of the past and the future well-being of the people, a people living in need in the shadow of one of histories most splendid legacies. Mr. Greener's hope is that really worth-while recording of many of the monuments to be submerged in this 300-mile-long lake can be achieved in the time still available.

Abram Kardiner and Edward Preble have collaborated in a revealing study of the work of the great anthropologists from Darwin to Freud. THEY STUDIED MAN (Secker and Warburg. 25s.) develops the theme that man alone has the capacity to survive by inventing new methods and ideas when old ones have failed. The authors write with authority, but certainly not with simplicity, and they claim that each of the scientists with whose theories they are concerned invented a new technique for the study of man.

CRETAN CULTS AND FESTIVALS (Routledge and Kegan Paul. 45s.) is an erudite sequel to the author's *Aristocratic Society in Ancient Crete*. R. F. Willetts shows how the ancient cult practices in Crete survived down to Roman times because they served clear-cut social needs. This is a work essentially for the specialist, but marked by good writing and a lofty command of its theme.

Mr. Garry Allighan bestrode the political stage briefly in post-war Britain, and now for some fifteen years he has been a political commentator in Africa. He has the confidence of Sir Roy Welensky, who has provided him with full facilities for writing a biography of his remarkable career, and Mr. Allighan has certainly produced a colourful narrative. THE WELENSKY STORY (Macdonald. 30s.) evidences to the full the fighting qualities of the Federal Prime Minister, with his " embarrassing challenges to Britain, his defiant castigations of the United Nations, and his dare-all belligerence to Soviet power." The author's technique in biography has something of the flavour of the hustings but the heady stuff does occasionally move down to earth.

Nicole Maxwell is a jungle traveller of experience, intrepidity and staggering nonchalance. Her story of a one-woman expedition into the Colombian jungle in search of various medicinal plants used by the natives is one of high adventure and almost non-stop exertion as she takes us up and down the Amazon and a number of its tributaries. WITCH DOCTOR'S APPRENTICE (Gollancz. 25s.) gives, indeed, a remarkable glimpse into South American Indian habits and customs, not least in respect of the Ayawasca ceremony and the use of this strange vine sap, inducing in those who take it hallucinations and delirium. Nicole Maxwell has an extraordinary tale to tell, and how supremely well she tells it !

Welcome to WISDEN 1962 (Sporting Handbooks. 20s.). This year the recent achievements of the Australians receive special recognition, and of the *Five Cricketers of the Year* four of them are from down under, Benaud, O'Neill, Davidson and Lawry. They were all, of course, members of the team that retained the Ashes and fought with such distinction. Weightlessness has never been one of *Wisden's* characteristics: this edition covers just over 1,000 pages.

Richard Edmonds

particular, of the oddities, the repressions and the powerful urges of one north country family. Strange and impressive, too.

It would be impossible to imagine a greater contrast with the last book than Miss Sheila Turner's THIS IS PRIVATE (Macdonald. 15s.), a leisurely novel of country life with its own virtues of shrewd observation and sympathetic narrative. Mr. Edward Norrington's charming line-drawings are exactly in key with the placidity and warmth of the text.

THEY'RE NEVER FAR AWAY (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 18s.), by Mr. David Higham, is the story of a marriage which begins in complete mental and physical harmony and ends with both relationships apparently unchanged but made impossible through the perpetual, almost frenetic unfaithfulness of one of the partners. Essentially, this novel never moves far from the bed, or its substitute of downland turf, and that, I 'm afraid, can become a bore.

THE NIGHT THE ROOF BLEW OFF (Hodder and Stoughton. 16s.) may seem slightly reminiscent of a comic piece by Thurber but is, in fact, the title of a bright and breezy novel of country life by Miss Phyllis Hastings, who takes an unsentimental view of life on the old farm and contrives to find humour in many of the less orthodox of rural experiences.

THE DELICATE SHIP (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 16s.) is Mr. Gerry Stewart's short but effective story about Jewish refugees arriving by sea to attempt what was, at the period of which he writes, illegal entry into Palestine. Dramatic, controlled and with the ring of authenticity.

Vernon Fane

TANTALISING DIARIES

Literary treasure-trove is always exciting and may correct history (*e.g.*, Thurlow, Creevey, James II's memoirs). Professor Rowse has publicised the importance of the discovered diaries of Arthur Throckmorton, but left me curious to know when it was found and by whom, in a wood-shed in Canterbury Close. His RALEGH AND THE THROCKMORTONS bears the stamp of his great authority. It is ungrateful to confess disappointment. I wish he could have given us the diary *verbatim*, even with its dull parts. Selected extracts are tantalising. The diaries throw much light on social history, but, lacking it, earlier historians have guessed pretty shrewdly our Tudor ancestors' way of life from other sources. How much more do we now know of Ralegh? His poetry is too unintelligible to reveal much, where it was not blatant self-advertisement addressed to the powers-that-be. But we know more of his marriage and its consequences: some time in July 1591 he seduced Bess Throckmorton, Arthur's sister and the Queen's Maid of Honour; she found herself pregnant and Ralegh married her in November—a dead secret from the Queen.

On March 29, 1592, Bess bore a son, Ralegh still being in high favour at Court. On April 27, she returned to Court duty, with treason and perjury to her charge, *as a maid.* The child, christened Damerei (Essex was godfather), was put out to nurse. Then the cat jumped out of the bag, and both parents went to the Tower. Bess was never forgiven, Ralegh never again regained the Queen's full favour. It is to be presumed the boy, Damerei, died in infancy.

The Ralegh stock did not long survive. The house of Throckmorton is remarkably indestructible. I don't know that anyone will ever elucidate the intricacies of Ralegh's character and the complexities of his mind. His poetry is by no means first class; his history did not go far. His "genius" was increasingly accepted after his death, for in life he had many enemies. We take that greatness largely on trust. He was typical of his age and kind, ambitious, acquisitive, vain and proud and vitally interested in new knowledge.

John Gore

279 Washington, known as Smiler (Ronald Lacey), with Corporal Hill (Frank Finlay) and Seaford (Laurie Asprey)

Pilot Officer (Corin Redgrave) and Thompson (John Kelland)

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING

at the Royal Court Theatre

Arnold Wesker's latest play is about the "breaking-in" of new recruits at an R.A.F. station "somewhere in England." In a series of tough, sometimes humorous, always passionately-written episodes he shows the process at work on Thompson, a General's rebellious son ("I don't want to be an officer") and on the harmless Washington, who is victimised as an example. It is a simplification to say that Mr. Wesker doesn't like officers; he doesn't like what he believes to be stultifying class relationships, of which Service life is only symbolical. The play shuns the naturalism of the *Roots* Trilogy with a succession of freely-moving scenes, well aided by John Dexter's direction.

Wing Commander (Martin Boddey) speaks his mind to the recruits at the Christmas party in the NAAFI

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

Henry F. Spencer

Next week Mr. Spencer, the managing director of Richard Thomas and Baldwins Ltd., is to light the first of the two 30-ft. hearth, automatically-charged blast furnaces at RTB's mammoth new steel works near Newport in Monmouthshire. Named after him, the Spencer Works, due to be opened by the Queen in October, are probably the most advanced in Europe. Born in Staffordshire in 1892, Mr. Spencer began his business career when he started his own firm as an iron and steel merchant in 1914. Later he specialised in steel sheets and became the largest distributor of this material in Europe. Mr. Spencer played a leading part, with the old Ebbw Vale Steel, Iron and Coal Company, in promoting the manufacture of high grade sheet, particularly for the motor industry. In 1935, the firm of H. F. Spencer became associated with the Richard Thomas organisation when the latter took over the assets of the Ebbw Vale Company, and Mr. Spencer joined Richard Thomas as sheet sales controller. He was successively commercial manager, commercial general manager, and assistant managing director. He is a member of the Council and Executive Committee of the British Iron and Steel Federation and of a number of policy-making committees in the steel industry. Married, with one daughter, Mr. Spencer lives at Wombourne, Wolverhampton

BACKGROUND TO MERGERS

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

Imperial Chemical Industries is by most counts the biggest firm in Britain; and for a time last winter it looked like getting a great deal bigger. Unilever, however, is an even larger empire, though it can hardly be classified as a firm "in Britain"; across the world, it employs about 300,000 people, in several hundred subsidiary companies operating in fifty countries. The Royal Dutch Shell group is of a similar order of magnitude: it works through some 500 companies. These are the absolute peaks in what we think of as British industry—though of the second two, financial control is, in fact, shared with Holland. Yet not too far behind them there are a growing cluster of big companies getting bigger. More and more of us work in these great enterprises. How big a place do they occupy in the modern economy?

In Britain, the last broad attempt to find this out was back in the mid-'50's. At that time an economic institute calculated that the 100 largest companies in Britain controlled about half of the paid-up capital of all public and private companies; they gained 23 per cent. of the profits and they produced about 26 per cent. of the output of private manufacturing industry. Nobody has done quite this exercise again; but since then, most experts agree, the process of concentration into big companies has gone on—particularly, in recent years, through the process of takeover bids.

Between 1949 and 1952, the Board of Trade revealed in an official survey this month, companies were spending about £40,000,000 a year on "acquisition of other companies." In the next three years, this spending rose to £100,000,000 a year; and from 1958 to 1960, it had risen to £300,000,000. Obviously, not all these mergers are carried out by the biggest companies. But, clearly, any firm that buys another ends up somewhat larger. Nor can it be said, as it might, that this process of agglomeration among the bigger units is matched by a steady inflow of smaller firms at the bottom of the scale. Over the last years, the number of public companies in Britain, in particular, has been dropping by about 100 a year. More are going out of existence—and much more often through mergers than through being wound up—than are being started.

Over the last decade, indeed, this process and public attitudes toward it have changed: even in the words we use, there's more talk about "mergers" and rather less about "take-overs." In the early '50's, when the process came particularly into the public eye as part of the relaxation and stretching of British industry after years of war and then controls, some of the takeover bidders were flamboyant, adventurous characters and to many comfortably-established firms they seemed really rather shocking. They administered many shocks to managements, some of whom paid probably too little attention to shareholders.

That period has gone, though most of the bold bidders of the time are still in (bigger) business today. As the decade wore on, the process spread to companies that nobody could look on as intruders from outside—though some of the big merger battles, right up to the winter's ICI bid for Courtaulds, have continued to arouse the bitterest feelings between the opponents and the deepest embarrassment in the Establishment of British business.

There have been waves of mergers in particular industries—boots and shoes, the Press, paint, brewing, to name a few. Many mergers are also considered to have occurred, directly as a result of the Restrictive Practices Act of 1956. This Act made illegal a considerable range of agreements between groups of firms not to compete on particular aspects of their business. Agreement after agreement has come up for examination by the court set up to administer the Act; comparatively few have been approved as in the public interest. In some industries the end of such agreements has been followed by bouts of price-cutting which have proved ruinous for some of the smaller competitors; in others, bids by the largest for some of their rivals have followed even before very bitter price competition broke out. If established arrangements not to compete between separate firms exist, they usually reflect something in the nature of the trade. And when the arrangements are abolished, it may well be that the nature of the trade reasserts itself, with the units coming together non-competitively in an equally logical fashion.

Quite apart from any arguments about public policy, mounting complications arise with the development or agglomeration of the real giants among companies. Unilever's problem, as its chairman Mr. George Cole said last week, is "How do you run an organisation that is so big, so diverse in its range of activities and so widespread across the world?" His group has perhaps the most carefully decentralised structure of any among the world's giant companies. Yet the problems of operating it remain considerable. There is always the danger that, as in a rhyme Mr. Cole quoted:

> Along these lines, from toe to crown
> Ideas flow up and vetoes down.

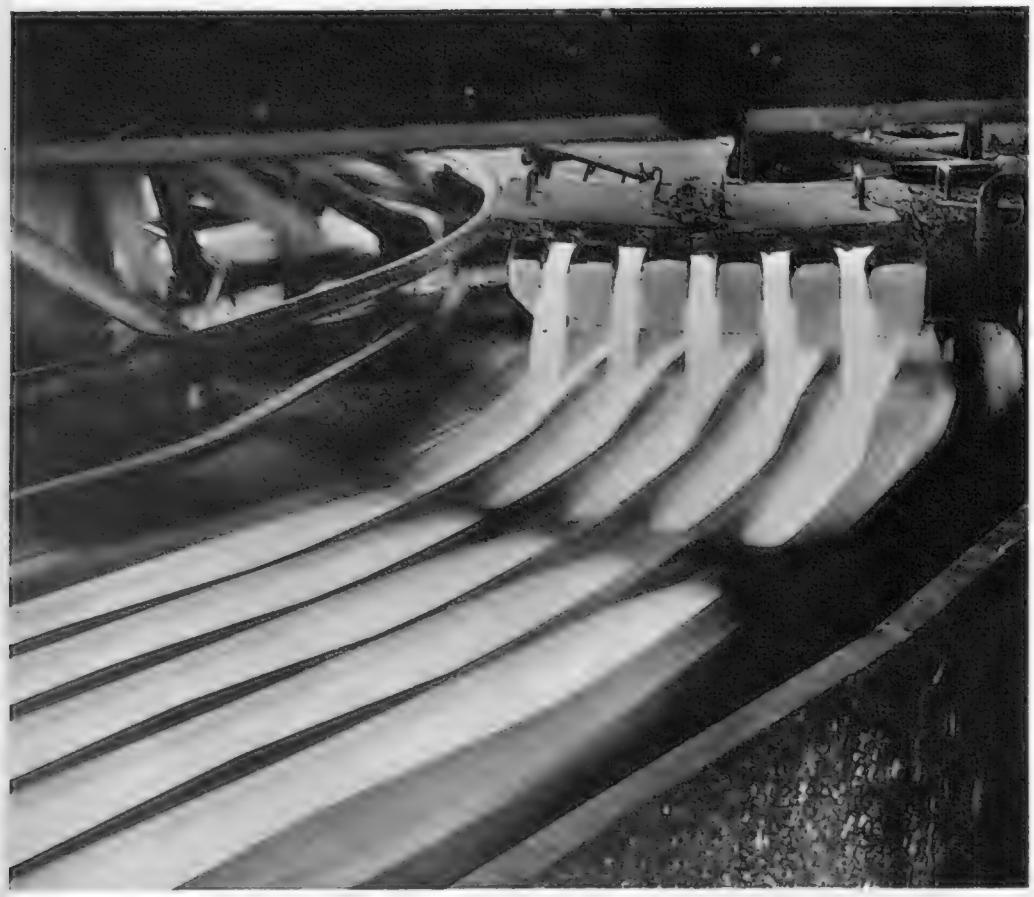
He believed that Unilever managed to avoid that reproach; but he agreed that it was a real danger. From the top, in practice, he said, the main decisions taken affected annual budgets for each operating company, its capital expenditure, and the constant attention to developing and bringing forward good men for higher management.

Good communication within the huge organisation, and the power to digest the vast volume of it that flows up to the top without becoming lost in detail, are steadily becoming more important in such groups. In the United States, already, the computer is coming in fast, and not merely being kept for workaday book-keeping jobs such as handling the payroll. The same thing is beginning in Britain. It is not always too comfortable, for managers in the middle or even at the top, to have machines that can assimilate and sort out volumes of information that one man probably can't, and at least offer him a series of alternative courses with their implications worked out, if not yet quite take the decision. But it is making purposive management more practicable.

Shareholders are not always attracted by having their interests merged into something much larger and probably more diverse; nor do the employees necessarily take kindly to the bigger and sometimes more impersonal organisation. There are, again, anxieties in Parliament on grounds of public policy; and it seems possible that the current review of the Board of Trade may lead to some sort of scrutiny of mergers that seem likely to produce monopoly in particular industries.

Yet it is difficult to argue, in Britain, that bigness in business is yet getting out of hand. Many of the largest companies in our industries are well below the size of the third or fourth largest in American industries —which on average, technically at least, are still somewhat more efficient than the same industries here. It can be argued that the market here is smaller and therefore the businesses in it ought to be smaller too. Yet Britain is going to have to compete in the much bigger market of Western Europe, from within or outside; and our firms are certainly not beyond the scale of the larger groups on the Continent. One can think of more British industries in which the average firm seems to be too small than of industries where it is too big. Up to a point, efficiency seems to increase with size; and in general, Britain isn't up to that point yet. So the growth of the big firms in Britain over the last decade, on balance, has been a "net plus" for the country's industrial chances.

One of the new Chaseside Super-Loadmaster range of four-wheel drive loading shovels is demonstrated by Chaseside Engineering Company Ltd. of Hertford. It is the SLM 2000, the largest of the range of three machines of the same type, and has a maximum payload of 8,000 lb. and a standard bucket with a heaped capacity of 2⅜ cubic yards



Molten copper is cast into wire bars on the casting wheel at Ndola Copper Refineries

LAND OF COPPER

Photographs by **ADOLF MORATH**

Northern Rhodesia, a country of dense forest, long grass and swamp in the heart of the Central African land-mass, is one of the world's biggest producers of copper. Virtually all this copper is produced by six mines in the Copperbelt, a strip of country about 75 miles long by 25 miles wide, which lies close to the territory's Congo border. These mines currently have a capacity to produce copper at a rate of more than 530,000 long tons a year, which is about one-sixth of the world's production, if one excludes Russia and other countries behind the Iron Curtain, whose production figures are not accurately known.

The development of these copper resources is surprisingly recent. Just over thirty years ago in this area there was little but forests, studded thickly with high red anthills. In the Copperbelt today there are seven towns, all of them large by Rhodesian standards, which are very much the creation of the

(*Continued on page 242*)

Night in the city of Salisbury, capital of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. This view of the thoroughfare of Jameson Avenue was taken from the top of Livingstone H

A night study of the smelter at Roan Antelope mine, one of the R.S.T. Group's three copper mines on the Copperbelt. **Below:** An unusual perspective of Livingstone House

headquarters of the R.S.T. group

The Kariba Dam and part of the 180-mile-long lake, seen from the air. The Kariba hydro-electric scheme was inaugurated by the Queen Mother in May 1960

LAND OF COPPER

(*Continued from page 240*)

mining industry. The total population of the Copperbelt is about 400,000, of whom 7,000 Europeans and nearly 40,000 Africans are employees of the mining industry. Most of the rest of the population of the area owe their livelihood in some way to the mines.

The Copperbelt mines fall into two groups: the Rhodesian Selection Trust Group of Companies and the Anglo-American Group. The R.S.T. Group controls three of the six producing mines, at Chibuluma, Mufulira and Roan Antelope, as well as the important copper refinery at Ndola. In 1954 and again in 1961 they commissioned Mr. Adolf Morath to photograph their properties and to make studies of the people of different races and origins who are engaged in the production and processing of copper in all its stages.

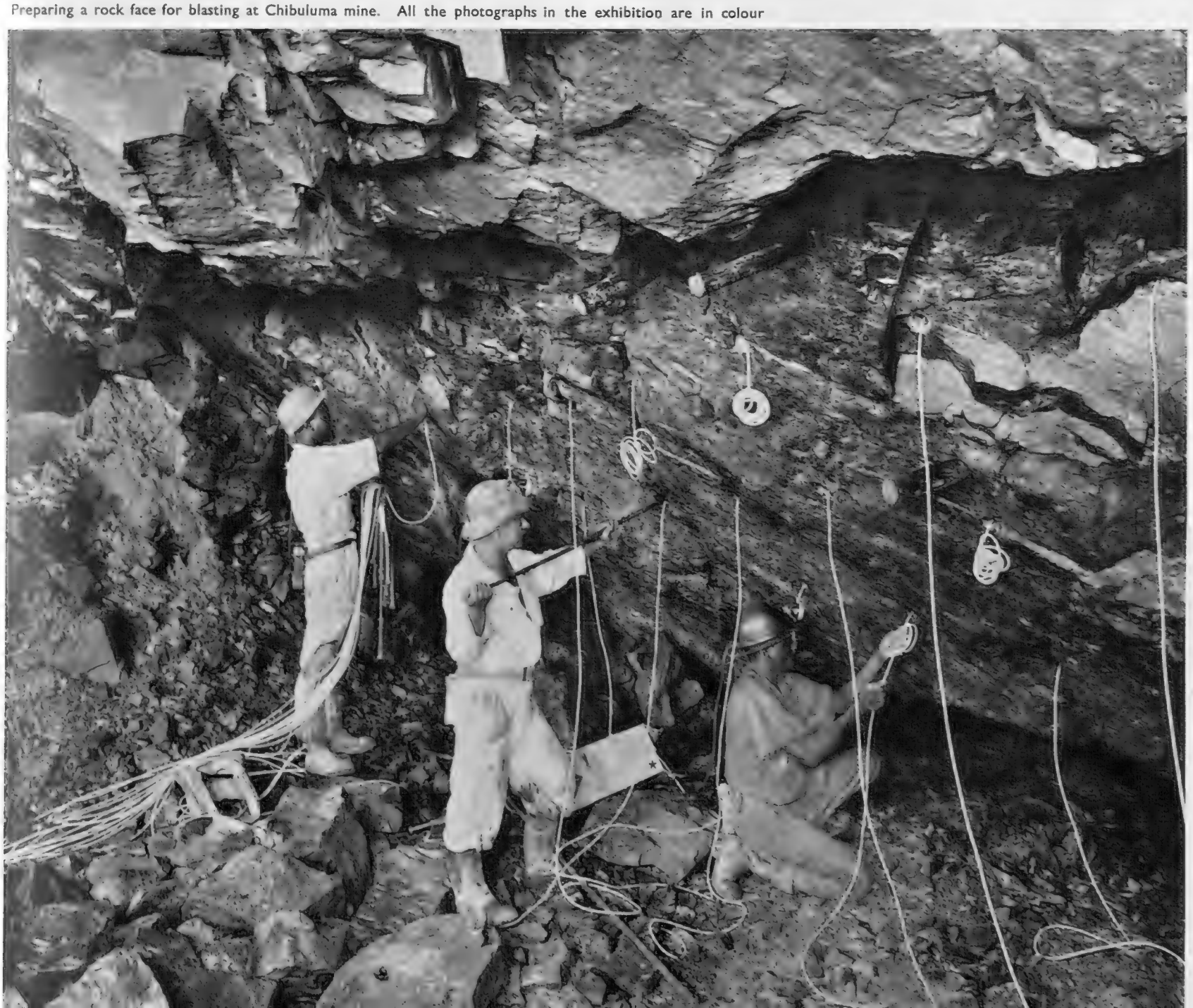
Adolf Morath, who is based in London, travels all over the world taking photographs of many leading industrial organisations. He was born in Wallasey, Cheshire, and had his first camera at the age of twelve. At the age of sixteen he was already deeply interested in colour photography, and at that time had the honour of having twelve colour transparencies accepted at the Annual Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society. He has been awarded the Hood Medal for 1961 by the Royal Photographic Society. He uses for his work a Swiss Sinar camera and a Linhof camera, produces his pictures with the Agfacolor negative positive process and carries a battery of lenses from extreme wide angle to extreme telephoto. He used over 5,000 flash bulbs during his last visit to Rhodesia.

The colour pictures which Mr. Morath took in Rhodesia will be on show at the Tea Centre in London until May 12.

Installing a sandfill barricade underground at Chibuluma mine. The barricade holds sand poured in to support the areas that have been mined out

A geologist, Nigel Bailey, and his assistant, Diamond Chimamba, examine a rock on the banks of the Mombezhi River in North Western Province

Preparing a rock face for blasting at Chibuluma mine. All the photographs in the exhibition are in colour



INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

SELF-HELP PAYS

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

One of the longer term effects of the Chancellor's promised abolition of Schedule A tax—this is the tax levied on house owners—may well be to give a further boost to one of Britain's fastest growing industries. This is the " do-it-yourself " decorating business, which sells paints, wallpaper and similar equipment to people who want to carry out their own work.

Until now, many householders have offset part of their decorators' bills against their Schedule A liability. Soon, the abolition of the tax will mean that the entire cost will fall on the householder. This sets a clear premium on keeping down the cost of maintenance and decorating work which in turn will lead more people to carry out their own.

In the City the plan to end Schedule A tax has focused attention on companies that make and sell do-it-yourself goods. These companies have already attracted investment interest, through their buoyant sales in recent years. One reason for this buoyancy was the increased cost of builders' and decorators' services. As a result of post-war full employment, small contracting firms had to pay higher wages which were reflected in increased charges to the customer. Secondly, improved techniques in paint and building material production meant that decorating became much easier for amateurs. Paints were simpler to apply, while wallpaper, tiles and flooring could be installed by the average householder's unskilled labour. Behind this expansion lay consumer demand for a better quality of furnishing and home decoration.

There is no precise indication of the growth in do-it-yourself, apart from the general expansion in sales of building materials and components. But the home owner's interest can fairly be seen in rising sales of emulsion paints—up by 20 per cent. over the past five years—of newer types of floor coverings as well as new sorts of cleaning and fixing materials.

A large part of this growth has benefited major producers in the particular industries. Imperial Chemical Industries have expanded their paint side while Wall Paper Manufacturers—controlling three-quarters of the British market—have also grown over recent years.

But a number of smaller firms have set out specifically to attract do-it-yourself decorators, and it is these firms which have mainly attracted City interest. One of the best-known names is Rawlplug, a group that has intrigued investors by its combination of impressive growth and the fact that the shares now sell for over £20 each.

By any standards, Rawlplug's rate of growth is impressive. Profits, which roughly doubled between 1952 and 1955, have almost doubled again since. Shareholders' dividend rate, less than 10 per cent. in 1953, is now approaching 50 per cent. Rawlplug have recently reported a further profit improvement for 1961, maintaining the record of larger earnings in every year since inception. Thanks to this record, an investor who paid £100 for 10 shares in 1953 would now own ninety shares worth nearly £2,000.

While Rawlplug has an impressive growth record, Polycell Holdings —makers of adhesives, cleaners, fillers—has operated in its present form only since 1958. From that year, when Polycell Products was taken over, profits have expanded sharply from less than £100,000 to nearly £300,000. Shareholders, who went without a dividend in 1958, received a 25 per cent. payment for 1961.

Polycell have recently moved to a new factory outside London, and profits over the next few years should reflect this addition to productive capacity. Earnings should also benefit from new products, which have involved heavy development spending in the past few years. Though do-it-yourself manufacturers have reported rising business, competition is keen. This is suggested by the record of Wolf Electric Tools, the London group which ranks as one of Britain's leading producers of portable electric tools. While the business has expanded, profits fell from 1954 to 1958 and have only recently begun to recover close to their former level. But Wolf have been setting up associates in Europe and the Commonwealth, while the growth in home demand should appear in profits over the medium term.

All these three groups—Rawlplug, Polycell and Wolf Tools—operate on the manufacturing side of the do-it-yourself business. One retail firm also stands to benefit from the growth of home decorating. This is Morris and Blakey Wall Papers whose shares were marketed in the City as recently as 1961. This group operates one of the larger chains of shops in Britain, selling wallpapers, paints and decorating materials. Its ten-year record showed a steady growth in earnings and the City expects further expansion.

General case for investors taking an interest in do-it-yourself is clear enough. This is one way in which consumers seem likely to spend a growing proportion of their incomes, with inducements from the ending of Schedule A tax and the rising charges made by outside contractors. But investors should remember that do-it-yourself remains essentially a consumer industry. This means that competition among producers is intense and that changes in consumer taste may have dramatic effects on particular companies' profits.

For the average investor, the best course is probably to choose either Rawlplug or Polycell, two established manufacturers, for growth prospects. Investors interested in current income could add either Wolf Tools or Morris and Blakey.

GOOD LIVING *By Ganymede*

I have mentioned before the annual tastings given by the firm of August Hellmers and Sons Ltd. Once more I found tremendous enjoyment when I recently attended the 1962 tasting. Each year, Mr. R. M. Scott assembles a most comprehensive and distinguished collection of fine wines: Hocks, Moselles, Alsatian wines, and others from the Rhône, the Loire, and from Yugoslavia and Austria. In addition to these wines, in which the firm specialises, there are also a few simple burgundies and clarets, and some very reasonable sparkling wines from different regions.

The Hocks and the Moselles alone were worth the visit, so interesting were the selections. The 1959's, some of which were first shown last year, again proclaim the outstanding quality of that vintage, and have improved to their highest level. They are all such fine wines that it seems unfair to single out any particular ones for mention, but I particularly liked the Johannisberger Klaus Scheurebe and the Marcobrunner among the medium-priced wines.

Of the more expensive ones, I have tasted the Bockenheimer Schwarzwingert Spaetlese and the even more superb Wachenheimer Fuchsmantel Scheurebe Spaetlese. Both, bottled in Germany, were the finest examples of the wine-maker's art. The same can be said of the top Moselles: Wehlener Sonnenuhr, Zeltinger Himmelreich Auslese, Reiler Falklay Spaetlese, and the famous Berncasteler Doctor und Graben Spaetlese.

The 1959's are such outstanding wines, that the 1960's, which are merely good are bound to show at a disadvantage. However, they are less expensive, and very drinkable and so are good value. Oppenheimer, Wollmesheimer Scheurebe, Ruedesheimer Rosengarten, and Johannisberger Riesling are good examples of the Hocks, and of the 1960 Moselles I liked the very reasonably priced Caseler Lorenzberg and the Piesporter Michelsberg. They are all just a little noticeably shorter of fruit, but I like their greater dryness.

The Sparklets Corkmaster

Among the Alsatians the differences were not quite so noticeable. Here 1959 was also an exceptional year, but the Muscat 1960, which I tasted was excellent, too. I also tasted two of the wines from Austria. The medium dry Tiroler Riesling was similar to a good run-of-the-mill Hock, and extremely good value. The Terlaner Pinot was very, very dry; in fact I am told that with its sugar content of under 0·2 per cent. it is recommended as suitable for diabetics.

I tasted several of the Rhône wines, and this time, particularly liked two of the whites: Chante Alouette (Grande Hermitage) 1957 and Châteauneuf du Pape (Blanc) 1959. Of the reds, the Côte Rôtie 1953, one of the wines I had with lunch, was a delightful, big wine at the peak of its perfection.

From the Loire, I found two wines, both 1959's, which I must mention: Anjou Rosé Cabernet Château de Tigné is exceptional of its kind, and so is the Muscadet Domaine des Gillières.

The few examples mentioned are insufficient to give a fair impression of the high standard of the whole collection of many more wines. Those who know Mr. Scott cannot be surprised at their excellence, for he is an exceptional enthusiast of fine wines. During a whole month, his tastings go on, and many members of the wine trade who are invited will back him in his efforts to demonstrate the supremacy of fine individual wines over the so-called " branded " ones.

Boxer Velvet is a new sherry introduced by the firm of shippers Bouchard Aîné Ltd., who are known mainly for their burgundies and clarets. The new sherry is a good quality Oloroso; it is considered "velvet" smooth with a slight nutty flavour. I was told at the introductory tasting that further types of sherries are to be introduced later with other doggy names.

I have been trying out a new gadget, which is intended to take the place of the ordinary corkscrew. It is the Sparklets Corkmaster, made by the British Oxygen Company Ltd., and sold by most wine merchants (37s. 6d.). All you do is to thrust the needle into the centre of the cork, gently press the lever, and you feel the cork slipping out of the bottle. I find it very easy to use, and I can see the great advantage it has over the conventional corkscrew in the case of obstinate corks, and particularly of very old, decaying corks, which it would be impossible to extract in one piece by any other method. Until you are used to this clever little instrument, and know by experience how much pressure, and how much gas is needed, I would advise wrapping a cloth round the neck of the bottle to avoid a possible splash.

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GABOR DENES

YACHTING

Plans for the Tall Ships' Race, which starts from Torbay to Rotterdam on August 11, are well advanced, and a good muster of entries seems to be assured. In Class One for the biggest ships there are three certain entries: *Gorch Fock* (West Germany), 1,989 tons, *Christian Radich* (Norway), 676 tons, and *Sorlandet* (Norway), 577 tons; all three took part in the previous races organised by the Sail Training Association. Class Two entries are the French twins *La Belle Poule* and *L'Etoile*, both 525 tons, *Wyvern* (Norway), 70 tons, and *Cynara*, 115 tons.

In Class Three we shall see several of our well-known ocean-racers competing: this class has the largest number of entries—they number eighteen at the time of writing. They include *Marabu*, 26 tons; Gordonstoun's *Pinta*, 38 tons; the new Sandhurst yacht *Wish Stream*, 17 tons; *Theodora*, 38 tons, and from Britannia R.N. College, Dartmouth, *Capella*, 25 tons, and the five twelve tonners: *Pegasus*, *Gryphis*, *Wyvern*, *Leopard* and *Martlet*.

The course is from Torbay across to Ushant and then up Channel to Rotterdam, except for the biggest ships. They will finish at a point nearer, to avoid the concentration of shipping in the approaches to Rotterdam. Even so, I understand some of the captains of these larger sailing ships have misgivings about racing through the Channel. However, the course has been carefully planned to avoid the busiest shipping lanes, and there should not be any real difficulty.

The ships and yachts will forgather in the Dart a week before the start, and an elaborate programme has been worked out for sports and entertainment of the crews. Many of the facilities for these will be provided by the Britannia R.N. College, and the local committee meetings planning them have been presided over by the Captain of the College Captain W. J. Parker.

There will be whaler sailing races, R.N.S.A. 14-ft. dinghy and Firefly races at Dittisham and Sandquay, and swimming, tennis and water polo at the College. Receptions will be given for the visitors at the College, at Brixham and at Torquay. There will be a joint cocktail party given by the Royal Torbay and the Royal Dart Yacht Clubs. The ships will sail to Torbay on the afternoon of August 10. The same evening Mr. Hugh Goodson, Chairman of the Sailing Committee, is giving a dinner at the Imperial, Torquay, for the ambassadors of the countries participating, the captains and officers of the ships, and this will be followed by a reception given by the Sail Training Association. The Italian *Amerigo Vespucchi* will spend the week at Dartmouth, and probably start with the rest of the fleet, but not continue the race.

This race is held every two years, and there is now some hope that this may be the last one in which there will be no British entry among the large training vessels. The Sail Training Association plans to build a 300-ton topsail training schooner. The design and specification for this vessel are completed and agreed. This covers all aspects of the ship's design, including materials, fittings and equipment, rigging and sails, plumbing, ventilation, and propelling and auxiliary machinery.

The Association intends to raise the necessary funds by public subscription and by donations from firms who can contribute in the form of gifts, items of materials and equipment. The contract for the construction of the ship will not be placed until the first target of the contemplated appeal for funds, £300,000, has been raised. The appeal is to be launched some time this summer.

A Norwegian entry for the Torbay-Rotterdam Tall Ships' Race, the 676-ton *Christian Radich*

Another in the race is *Gorch Fock*, of West Germany, seen at anchor in the Thames, London

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MOTORING

COURTESY ON THE ROADS

A campaign in Buckinghamshire; conference at Strasbourg; Porsche coupé; the East African Safari

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

Mr. J. N. Cheney, chief constable of Buckinghamshire, deserves congratulation on a new courtesy campaign, involving all classes of road users, which he launched at the beginning of this month and which is to continue until the end of June.

"Its theme is to advise rather than prosecute," Mr. Cheney told me, "and I have given instructions to my officers all over the county, whether operating on foot, in cars or on motorcycles, to do everything they can to try to bring about better understanding between police and public.

"I have told them to go all out to prevent the commission of offences by road users, to discourage actions which could lead to careless or dangerous behaviour and to help reduce accidents."

This new courtesy campaign does not mean that the Buckinghamshire police will view with a blind eye flagrant breaches of the traffic laws. It will, however, be welcomed as a psychological approach to the problem of road safety which, whenever it has been exploited in the past—Lancashire police were the pioneers, I believe—has always produced excellent results.

Some young constables are needlessly officious in dealing with motorists. In telling them to show a more sympathetic understanding of motorists' problems, experienced officers like Mr. Cheney are simply recognising the fact that it is easier to lead motorists than to drive them. That would be true even if the police had unlimited manpower for traffic duty.

Much good sense—and a lot of nonsense, too—was heard in the discussions at the recent road safety conference of the Council of Europe at Strasbourg. Few reasonable-minded motorists will have any fault to find with the main recommendations agreed on by a gathering of parliamentarians and road safety experts which included Britain's Sir William Glanville, director of the Road Research Laboratory.

The pity of it is that resolutions passed by advisory bodies like this usually turn out to be of the purely pious type which take years to implement if ever they *are* put into effect. With more and more motorists taking their cars to foreign countries for business or pleasure every year and with the development of the Common Market, I personally am all in favour of progressive standardisation of traffic laws, road design, traffic control, road signs and even penalties for motoring offences.

So I welcome the Strasbourg decision to recommend for Europe a standard highway code. But I am not so sure the time is ripe for a common penal system under which driving licence endorsements would carry penalty points (the number depending on the nature of the offence) which would lead to automatic suspension when a certain total had been reached.

I understand some such system is working very well in various States and Provinces of North America but at the present stage of European integration it would not be possible to operate such a code on an international scale. Uniformity of traffic laws and a common outlook regarding their enforcement would be a *sine qua non* before the British Government could agree to magistrates in Holland, say, endorsing a British citizen's driving licence and "fining" him penalty points.

Mr. W. H. Aldington, one of the brothers who run the Isleworth (Middlesex) A.F.N. organisation, and whose activities include Porsche representation, recently lent me one of these sophisticated German cars for road test. It was the Super 75 fixed-head coupé model, with a 1·6-litre engine developing 75 brake horse-power, and on a journey to the West Country I was able to savour to the full the virtues of this well-built, good-looking, superbly-finished car.

The horizontally-opposed, 4 cylinder, air-cooled engine is not as quiet as comparable water-cooled units but it is so willing and runs so sweetly that this fault—if fault it be in a car of such sporting characteristics—is quickly overlooked.

The four-speed, all-synchromesh gear-box, with central lever, is one of the car's outstanding features and the clutch operation is exceptionally good. A high top ratio helps to give the Super 75 an easy top speed of nearly 110 m.p.h.

Here is a two-seater for the connoisseur; a car with such personality, such a lively performance and such good road-holding that it is not surprising there is always a customer waiting-list. Last year 8,270 Porsches—500 more than the previous year—were built in the Stuttgart factory now run by fifty-two-year-old Ferry Porsche, son of the late Professor Ferdinand Porsche who founded the firm but who is even better remembered as the designer of the Volkswagen.

The Super 75 costs £2,348, including tax. Porsches are also available with 1·6-litre engines developing 60 or 90 b.h.p. and the Carrera 2 has a 2-litre, overhead-camshaft engine which yields 130.

An interesting new specialist car built in Britain is the Tornado Talisman, built at Rickmansworth, Hertfordshire. It is now available in touring form as well as in the familiar *gran turismo* version, which now has a heater as standard equipment and a revised price of £1,259.

In the touring model the Talisman's 1,340-c.c. Ford engine is used in basic tune with single carburettor. By making the heater an optional extra, omitting a tachometer and fitting a single-speed wiper, Tornado Cars have been able to keep the price of this Talisman tourer down to £1,142. While the *gran turismo* model does 112 m.p.h. and accelerates from rest to 90 in 25 seconds, the tourer does 93 and takes 27 seconds to get from zero to 70 m.p.h.

The new Hillman Super Minx Estate Car

The East African Safari, won by a Nairobi team in a Volkswagen, amply lived up to its name as the world's toughest rally and this year Africans in the Mount Kenya area added to the normal hazards of this 3,000-miles motoring ordeal through Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika by building road blocks and stoning the drivers.

Local Safari drivers do not think this was a political demonstration but a reprisal for the inconvenience caused to African cyclists and walkers driven off the roads on the rally route by Safari cars on reconnaissance and going faster than cars usually travel on those dusty tracks. The weather and the rally regulations favoured the smaller cars this year and the new Ford Zodiacs, sportingly entered for an event which started only a few days after the car's public announcement, had to be content with a class win.

In the circumstances it would have been surprising had the Zodiac won the rally outright or carried off the team prize (which Ford won with Zephyrs in the previous three Safaris) and although only two of the six Zodiacs entered finished the rally the important fact is that there was nothing basically wrong with any of those which dropped out and the drivers spoke highly of their extra power, better roadholding and improved gear-box (with four gears and synchromesh on each).

Ford Anglias also won their class, as also did the Hillman Minx. For the second year running a British team won the women's cup at their first attempt and also finished third in the general classification. Last year it was Mrs. Anne Hall and Mrs. Lucille Cardwell in a Ford Zephyr. This time it was Miss Pat Moss and Mrs. Ann Riley in a Swedish two-stroke Saab.

The Saab 96 driven by Pat Moss and Ann Riley takes a tricky corner in the East African Safari

V. R. Preston with co-driver L. Baillon in their Ford Zodiac Mk. III pass through Busia in Uganda

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